



HOME, SWEET HOME

D. PETER, INVENTOR
VEVEY Switzerland.

GULA PETER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PETER'S

MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE ORIGINAL MANUFACTURED BY
KOHLE Swiss Chocolates Co. Fulton, N.Y.

"That is one candy we can eat
all we want of. Mother says it
is as good for us as bread and
butter, and makes us healthy."

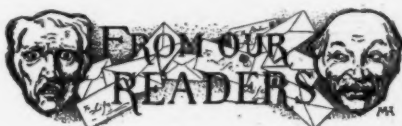
Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Agents, New York

K-C

ORIENTAL RUGS OF
DISTINCTION TO MEET
DECORATIVE NEEDS

KENT-COSTIKYAN

Murray Hill Building, 8 West 38th St., New York



From One Who Differs

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir:—Chinese firecrackers have been imported into this country for celebration purposes since its earliest history and have become a tradition, almost as necessary to its patriotic life and pride as the American flag.

The use of the small Chinese firecracker is respectfully urged and recommended as a "safe and sane" method of celebrating the "Glorious Fourth" or other patriotic national celebrations, but all firecrackers above 3½ inches in length, whether of Chinese or domestic make, all high explosive bombs, salutes, toy pistols or other firearms, cartridges loaded with ball or high explosives, either in paper or metal shells or caps, or any articles offered for sale that are dangerous,

FATOFF

MAKES STOUT FOLKS SLIM
QUICKLY, SURELY, PLEASANTLYNO DIETING
NO GYMNASTICS
NO MEDICINES
NO BIG FEES

A trusted and tried obesity cure that's all it's claimed to be—there's signed evidence to prove it. "Reduces" wherever applied, not merely in parts. Leaves flesh firm, smooth, healthy, free from wrinkles. 30 simple home treatments show results; in 60 treatments you'll attain the size you desire. More than that, FATOFF will keep you thin. Start to-day on the road to comfort and a smart appearance.

Literature (mailed free in plain, sealed wrappers) will convince the worst doubter.
For Double Chin (a chin-reducing wonder); Special size jar, \$1.50.
Full size jar, \$2.50.
Fatoff sold at all Riker's and all the Hegeman drug stores, and leading druggists everywhere, or supplied by

M. S. BORDEN CO., 69 Warren St., N. Y.

Casgrain Speedometer

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH
INCORPORATED
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD
TRANSMITS AND DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assigned to by the parties of the following: The Company will not hold itself liable for any delay in the delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case beyond the toll of Fifty Dollars, at which, unless otherwise stated, the Company will not be liable for the loss of any message. UNREPEATED MESSAGE, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions stated above.
BELVIDERE BROOKS, GENERAL MANAGER

25,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA
C. CLOWRY, PRESIDENT

CEIVED AT 109 State Street, Boston:
55 collect 4 ex in sig
Casgrain Speedometer Boston Mass.

Dai H Lewis official scout American Automobile Association took all road data for 1910 Glidden tour from Casgrain Speedometer. When checked on another instrument the Casgrain proved absolutely accurate. Large figures on speed indicator dial are great help to driver. satisfactory instrument in every respect.

Joseph W. Gardham,
Driver Chalmers 30 Pathfinder

Accurate at all speeds
A figure for every mile

106p

63
64
65

ACCREMENT ON BACK.

can properly be restricted by special permits or prohibited entirely.

Chinese firecrackers under 3½ inches in length have never been known to explode spontaneously or to have caused any injury to life or limb.

The strongest argument in their favor is that the Fire and Marine Underwriters in this city and other large cities where large quantities are handled and stored classify them with spices and teas—all three articles carry the same rate and are stored

under the same conditions, no restrictions whatever being imposed against Chinese firecrackers.

For the past thirty years we have been the largest importers of Chinese firecrackers into the United States and our experiences therefore have covered every possible phase connected with their use in this country. We can say in all sincerity that not a single accident of a serious nature has

(Continued on page 1089)

SUBSCRIBE MENTALLY

That's All That We Ask You To Do.

Just send us a mental message. Lead the imaginary Life. Read the details below.

In addition to its materialistic list (see coupons elsewhere) LIFE wants ten million imaginary subscribers. Will you, who read this, please be one of these?

Quite simple.

All you do, as soon as you read this, is to subscribe mentally to LIFE. Just say to yourself (mentally) that you want to become a subscriber. Be careful, in so thinking, to state whether you wish to subscribe for three months or one year. Better make it a year, and get it off your mind.

Fill out an imaginary coupon, or write an imaginary letter, it makes no difference to us. We have established a thought-wave bureau in this office, correct to a vibratory hair.

We'll get your order all right. All we ask is that you concentrate for a moment. Just sit back, fix your eye on a white door knob, or some glittering object (the last LIFE cover will do) and say to yourself:

"Dear LIFE:

"Put me down for a year's subscription.

My name and address are——"

Please be sure, in doing this, to think your name and address correctly. It will save us no end of imaginary trouble.

The moment you subscribe you will receive regularly an imaginary LIFE every week, teeming with the best wit and humor that the mind of man can devise.

Remember, that we are quite serious about this. Please don't, under any circumstances, get the idea that it is a joke.

It's business. If we can get ten million people in this country who think they are subscribers we shall ask for nothing better.

This is an entirely new principle. We are only about fifty years ahead of our esteemed contemporaries, that's all. In a few decades more all this physical drudgery of writing out checks, and sticking stamps on envelopes, when you want to subscribe to your favorite paper, will be done away with.

Just stop and think for a moment. Concentrate, and you will get our real thought. You can't help it. Be passive for an instant, and our thought bureau will do the rest.

It will be only a short time when an announcement like this will be superfluous. We are only doing it now to

get you started right; we are only bridging the gap between the physical and mental.

We shall soon employ only mental advertisement writers. The author of this advertisement is perfecting himself in the new method. He thinks of a stunning ad and in the shake of an imaginary lamb's tail ten million people are mentally grasping it.

Be a mental Lifer. You will revel in rapturous and relevant radiance.

Remember that this is a great natural law, of which we are the advance agents. We have tested it out, and know the Truth.

Here's the idea. Everything that you feel and touch is only an illusion. The reality lies back of it all in Thought. Consequently, if we can get you to subscribe mentally, the GREAT FACT is accomplished.

Just give us a moment of your mind, that's all. It will pay you a thousand-fold. Your life will be a continuous mental laugh. No gloomy thoughts may intrude.

Subscribe mentally. We will enter your name on our mental list. Please state, also, if you would like an imaginary premium with your first year's subscription. (Imaginary premiums go only to new mental subscribers. We are obliged to make this rule on account of the great thought labor involved.) Sample mental copies sent by request. Just think that you want it, and we will think it to you by special thought delivery.

Don't get the idea that this isn't real. It's the only real thing there is. We are concentrating, all the time, on getting out the best humorous paper in the world. We do nothing else but this. We awaken humorous and cheerful vibrations all over the world. We are in close touch with all the optimistic forces everywhere. We have a vast reservoir of hope, courage, fun, radiance, laughter, wisdom, light. All you have to do is to concentrate for an instant, and you will get the benefit immediately.

P. S.—Don't fail to notify us of any change in your mental address. If you are thinking Chicago, and go to the falls of Minnehaha for the summer, just give us a thought correction. Otherwise your imaginary Lifes will accumulate in your own home, and you will not get the benefit of them until you get back.

We got 800,000 mental subscribers last week.

We expect at least a million this week.

It will cost you nothing but a thought. Can you resist?

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy yourself this summer.

We've a beautifully illustrated book that tells about the summer pleasures that await you on Cape Cod—the yachting, the bathing, the fishing, and the social life.

Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free.

Write A. B. SMITH, G.P.A.,
Room 185, New Haven, Conn.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1087)

been traced to small Chinese firecrackers.

At this period of our country's existence it would indeed be unwise, unjust and manifestly unpatriotic to deprive the small boy of his usual Fourth of July joy—the small Chinese firecracker.

Respectfully,
C. R. STAUDINGER Co.,
CHAS. R. STAUDINGER, President.
NEW YORK, May 11, 1910.

Again We Stand Corrected

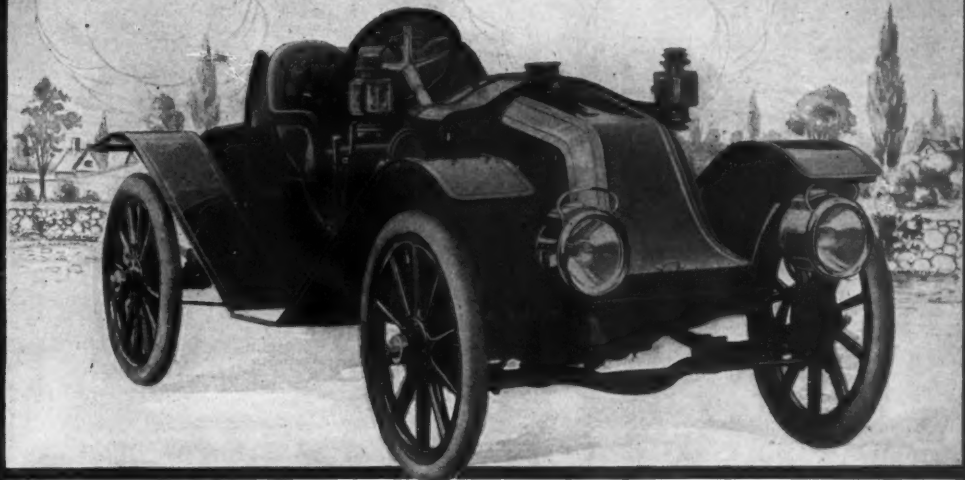
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen:—In your issue of 12th inst. you published an article marked "By an Anonymous Author," "How Ruby Played." The article in question was published a number of years ago and under the name of my personal friend, Dr. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., at that time editor and chief manager of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In justice to an old friend, and by one who always recognizes the literary merit of George W. Bagby, I think you should mark, not anonymous, but his full name.

Yours, with every respect,
ANTHONY C. CAMPBELL.
WILKES-BARRE, PA., May 10, 1910.

(Continued on page 1090)

THE CROXTON-KEETON



French 30 Roadster. 4-cyl., 30 H. P. \$2750.

Gasoline, oil and water capacity for 300 miles.

How a Croxton-Keeton Taxicab Outlasts Racing Cars

Croxton-Keeton durability and consistency were brilliantly exemplified in the recent Brighton Beach race.

We entered the 24-hour grind with a car which a week before was an ordinary taxicab.

The only change made—as shown in the picture below—was the substitution of a lighter body for the taxicab body.

The chassis was the French 30, stock and standard, throughout.

The car was off the track but 31 minutes of the entire 24 hours, for gasoline and water, and to replace a steering arm cracked by the rough going.

And it easily continued its steady pace long after cars especially prepared and tuned up had been rendered unfit by the wretched track conditions.

Its performance was really sensational, and our car was the only one, except the winner and those which were disabled, to receive mention in the New York papers.

The *Herald* said:—"A feature of the race was the showing of the Croxton-Keeton. It made an enviable reputation for consistent running."

The *Times*:—"The Croxton-Keeton made an excellent showing. It outlasted cars expected to be among the leaders."

The *Press*:—"A sensation was created by the discovery that the Croxton-Keeton was a taxicab chassis instead of a pleasure or racing car."

The Croxton-Keeton you buy will be the exact duplicate of the car capable of this unequalled performance.

And this feat was made possible by the perfect combination of French and American ideas found in the Croxton-Keeton alone.

You would do well to see the car at your dealer's; or get our literature.



The Croxton-Keeton, which was the sensation of the Brighton Beach 24-hour race.

The Croxton-Keeton Motor Co.,
190 Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio



BROMO-SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10c., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Bottles.



"A WELL-PRESERVED OLD GENTLEMAN"



The Story of THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Alfred Henry Lewis

"Picks him up in his cradle *** his graduation from Harvard and *** splash! *** into politics as a bold swimmer takes a header from some dock-head, the Roosevelt whom we know shall begin. Likewise the excitement.

"Politics is to Mr. Roosevelt what water is to a fish or air to birds. *** He has not only put other men in office—as Mr. Taft—but has himself been in succession Assemblyman *** and President. He has had his peep into every angle of government, and both Mr. Roosevelt and the world have come the better off for the peeping. ***

"There be folk whose wishes doubtless are fathers to their thoughts, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Taft as President of these United States. For myself I do not share their views. *** However, that is all another story and must be left for telling to 1912. Meanwhile, I shall take up the story of Mr. Roosevelt as it has already occurred—the story of the flesh-and-blood Roosevelt—the Human Life Roosevelt. ***

"His career should be a lesson to everyone—the boy, the youth, the man of middle age, the grandiose hobbling on two canes. All activity, Mr. Roosevelt has often shown that it is better to do the wrong thing than do nothing at all. *** He has followed off the wrong trail as often as any man. He has

never been infallible. He has proposed the wrong thing, supported the wrong thing. He has helped the wrong man, hated the wrong man. But he was always honest; and while his head took sometimes the left-hand turn, his heart never did. *** Knowing him to be honest, the people would never be parted from him. ***

"I have known him personally for well-nigh twenty years. *** I shall write of Mr. Roosevelt—write what I know and how I know it, what I think and why I think it. That should, I think, mark the proper line between us. To do more would be an invasion of his rights; to do less would be a surrender of my own."—Alfred Henry Lewis.

This Life of Roosevelt
will start in the June Issue of

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PEOPLE

Human Life

10c. a copy at
news stands

\$1.00
a year

Elegantly Printed and Finely Illustrated

Throughout all history, all literature, all drama, the things which have endured, which have made generation after generation laugh or cry, have all centered around the element of human characteristics—human life. The greatest autobiography—Pepys—has its endurance, its gripping charm because of the intimate revelation of a man's character. Great men and women of all time are just the same sort as we are; have the same loves, ambitions and hates, the same faults—varying only in degree. Nothing is so unchanging, and yet so complex, so fascinating, as human life. Nothing so interesting as to see how the same kind of people act and have acted under circumstances we have never been afforded. There are undoubtedly hundreds of readers of Human Life who, if their environment could have been the same, would have achieved notable successes in history. There are "behind-the-scenes" reasons for these great successes. Human Life takes you by the hand and gives you the inside view of the great characters that are making history today. It gives you an absolutely new and unique point of view—the view-point of the man who judges not only by effect, but who has at his command the causes and reasons behind present-day politics, drama, art, music, literature and science. That is why Human Life is for you. Human Life is a magazine for the strong of both sexes, those having gray matter and rich red blood—for YOU. Through it you will meet face to face the people the world is talking about—know them intimately. Send a dollar bill to us with this coupon. Send it today, and you'll be sure to get Human Life for 1 year beginning with this great June issue. We'll take the risk. Write your name and address plainly.

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING CO., - Boston, Mass.

MAIL THIS COUPON AND \$1.00
HUMAN LIFE PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.
1 enclosure \$1.00. Send Human Life to me for
1 year beginning with the June issue.
Name _____ State _____
Street Address _____ Town _____
Canada and Foreign
Countries \$1.50

For BILIOUSNESS Try
Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1089)

Some Suggestions

DEAR LIFE:

Will you permit a loyal and constant reader to ask why it is that you so often emphasize the negative and destructive side rather than the positive and constructive side of certain questions?

Granted that vaccination and the Pasteur treatment are not ideal and are only permissible as long as they seem to be the best thing under the circumstances, why not devote your eloquence and energy to showing a better way of avoiding the evils they were designed to combat?

Could the laws regarding the muzzling of dogs be enforced in this country as they have been in Great Britain, and rabies thus stamped out, Pasteur treatment would die speedily. Could the need of immediate reporting and isolation of smallpox cases, and the need of good sanitation also, be fully impressed upon the world, this disease together with many others would disappear and vaccination be admittedly

(Continued on page 1091)

AN ARGUMENT



AND THEY'RE BOTH RIGHT

FOR AUTOMOBILING - YACHTING - HUNTING - SICKROOM - NURSERY - OFFICE - FACTORY - HOME OR TRAVEL - AT ALL DEALERS - PLEASE, BE CAUTIONED, LOOK FOR THE NAME THERMOS ON THE BOTTLE OR EVERY QUALITY BOTTLE - AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY

PATENTS PRODUCE FORTUNES
PRIZES for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to inventors." "Why some inventors fail." Book on Patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office. **GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.**



THEY'RE ONTO HIM

DISCOURS DU PRÉSIDENT ROOSEVELT

—Les gens instruits savent plus de choses que les ignorants... la paix est moins cruelle que la guerre... les riches ne sont pas les pauvres... l'infécondité des menages est une des causes de la dépopulation... etc.—*Le Rire.*

TRANSLATION.—Educated persons know more than those who are ignorant. Peace is less cruel than war. The rich are not the poor. Race suicide is one of the causes of decreased population, etc.

KNICKER: You look tired.

BOCKER: Yes, I was up all night flying the baby.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Goerz Lenses are made on the most accurate formulae, from the finest raw materials—the highest quality of Jena glass—by the most skilled workmen in the world. That is why the results they give are beyond comparison with those of any other lenses made. Any Photographic supply dealer can furnish you with the particular Goerz Lens you require. If he hasn't it he can get it for you.

Get our book telling all about

GOERZ LENSES

giving full particulars and price-list and showing by concrete examples how much better results you will get from a Goerz Lens than you have ever gotten before or can ever expect to get with any other lens. Your dealer will give you the book—free—or we will send it for 6 cents in stamps.



C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
 Office and Factory: 79m East 130th St., New York
 Makers of Goerz Lenses, Goerz Binoculars and Goerz Cameras
 Dealers Distributing Agencies:
 For Middle West: Burke & James, Chicago
 San Francisco: Hinch & Kaiser; Canada: R. F. Smith, Montreal

Quickest Tire Changes

are always easily made with the most up-to-date equipment—

"Firestone"

Quick-Detachable **DEMOUNTABLE RIMS**

Increase your enjoyment of motoring by eliminating tire work and delays. You are submitting to needless inconvenience if your car has not yet been equipped with these rims.

In case of tire mishap you merely substitute an already-inflated tire for the injured one, rim and all, and resume your trip without loss of time, hard work or pumping-up.

The Firestone quick-detachable feature abolishes the staybolt nuisance of old-style clincher demountable rims and simplifies the work of repairing the tire.

Tire changes are not limited to the number of spare tires you carry. You can make additional changes or repairs while rim remains on wheel, just as though you had only regular quick detachable rims.

We have sold many thousands of sets to the leading auto manufacturers for their 1911 cars—but you can have your car equipped right now.

Ask your Dealer how little they cost and how much they save. Write us to-day for Demountable Rim Book.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire Makers"

Akron, Ohio

Branches, Agencies and Dealers Everywhere.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 1090)

unnecessary. A large number of the excuses for use of animals for experimental purposes, etc., would go, too, and your crusade against vivisection be more in place.

These forms of treatment are directed against two terrible diseases,

and you are condemning these attempts at prevention without offering anything in their place. Do you not think it would be more rational to demonstrate better methods before annihilating the only ones now recognized?

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE G. FISHER.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May, 1910.



"Dry"

Wild Oats Number

Is coming on July 7. If you have any sowed you will be interested. Or, if you haven't, may be you would like to learn. All explained in this great first-of-the-month number, crammed jammed full of reckless jokes. An awful number

Dull Number Next Week

We believe it's called a Booklovers' Number, or something of that sort.

When this number was first broached, we tried to take a feeble and spasmodic interest in it.

So far as we can judge from a prenatal survey, it doesn't contain one redeeming feature.

Of course, if you are a regular subscriber, you will *have* to see it.

But don't order it early from your newsstand, and don't buy it—not if you value your life.

If you want to know how hopeless it is, we have only to say that the funniest thing in it is some useful information about books.

What excuse have we for issuing such a number? Pure cussedness. Why be superlatively good all the time? Even Mr. Roosevelt has his dull moments.

We dare do anything on this little paper. We have even been known to refuse money for good advertising—when the copy came too late to insert.



"Never read a worse number"



"Hebetudinous"

Humorous Number

In response to many requests we intend to issue soon a Humorous Number. It's a doubtful experiment, but our courage is equal to any test. Life is nothing if not original.



"Punk!"



Subscription, \$5.00

Canadian, \$5.52

Foreign, \$6.04



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Tropical Weight Suitings for
extreme warm weather.

Summer Furnishings, Hats, Shoes,
Traveling Kits.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY, Cor. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK
Newport Branch, 262 Bellevue Avenue, after June 10th.

Rigidity and **Strength**
Write for Art Booklet

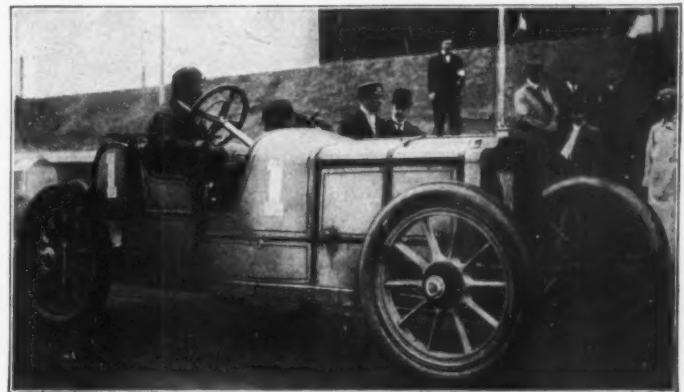
Convenience and **Economy**
are found in
THE AIR TIGHT STEEL TANK
It is made from steel $\frac{3}{16}$ in. thick

**AIR TIGHT
STEEL TANK
COMPANY**
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

America's Greatest Car

THE AMERICAN

Wins over a field of the world's best cars, averaging 74.6 miles an hour
in 50-Mile Free-For-All Race, including change of tires.



Herbert Lytle in Winning "American" Stock Chassis Car.

That The American is easily the most consistent, speediest and safest high powered, high class automobile of America was once more proved at the first great race meet of 1910, Atlanta, Ga., May 5-7, when it splendidly vindicated every claim that has been made for it.

In the 50-Mile Free-For-All—the most important event of the meet—The American, driven by Herbert Lytle, defeated a field of the world's best, including the famous FIAT 90, at an average of 74.6 miles per hour, which included a change of tires. And this, mind you, with a stock chassis in a regular stock car event.

In the 200-Mile Stock Chassis event, with track conditions marred by heavy rain, The American went the route in 185:10:25, making the first 100 miles at an average of 72.6 miles per hour, which also included change of tires and much time consumed in replacing a lost radiator cap.

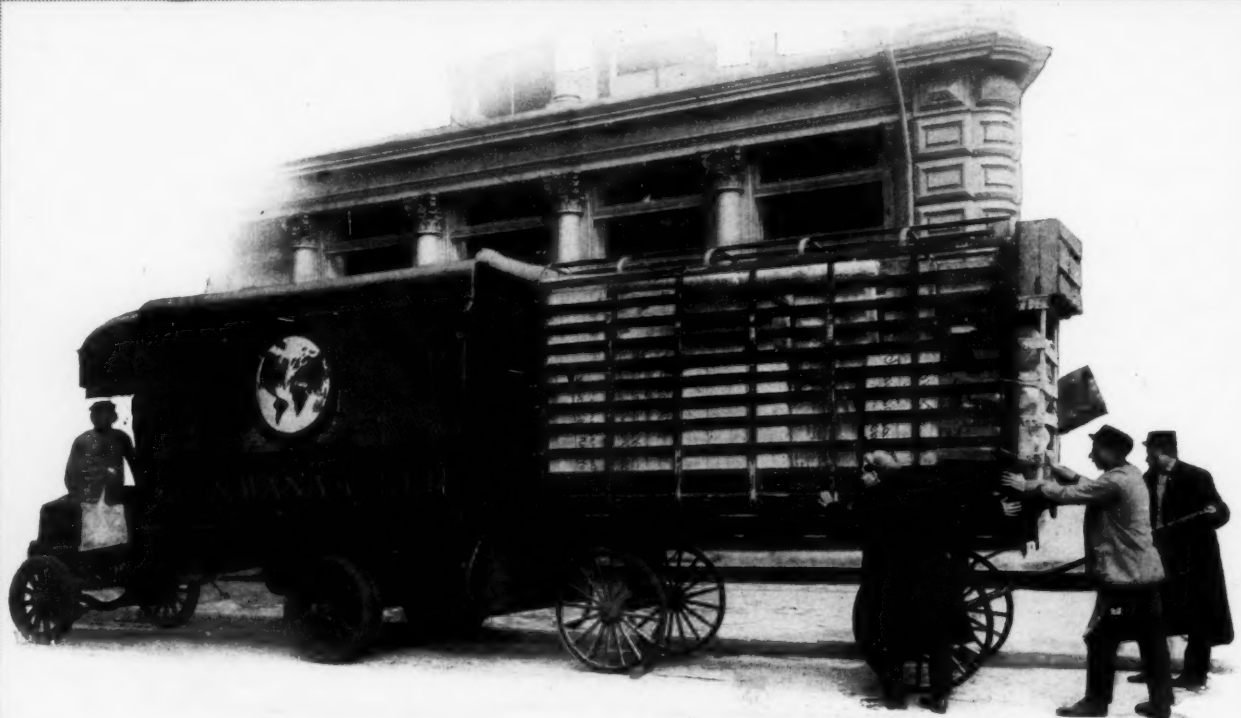
With the track under water, and while going at a 70-mile gait, The American struck a hole, jerking the steering wheel out of Lytle's hands, and before he could regain control the car made two sensational full revolutions and one reverse, without the slightest damage.

This occurred immediately before the grand stand, proving absolutely to every spectator in that great structure the inherent safety of The American's underslung frame. A car of any other construction, as Lytle himself said, would have turned turtle with most disastrous results.

In the building and development of The American we have not been afraid to get away from the conventional in design, and The American is sold to those experienced, discriminating motorists who recognize that its construction has wholly eliminated the danger and disadvantages of contrasting types of high powered cars.

Send for complete descriptive literature
and name of our dealer.

The American Motor Car Company
INDIANAPOLIS - Dept. F - **INDIANA**
Licensed Under Selden Patent



Packard MOTOR TRUCKS



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE
Year after year this has been our advertisement of
Packard Motor Cars.

We did not apply it to Packard Motor Trucks when
we first began to deliver them. We did not know
how much or how little it might mean. Nobody
knew. Now we know.

Packard Motor Trucks are used in over fifty lines
of business by people who understand traffic and
must have efficiency.

Thirty-two page
catalog on request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

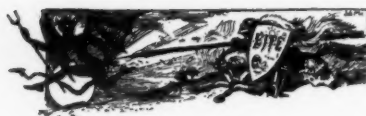
LIFE

REGULAR WOMEN'S TICKET
FOR DISTRICT LEADER:
KATRINA VAN D. SCHEFFERHORN

VOTE MABEL TRUELOVE FOR SODA-FOUNTAIN INSPECTOR.



Reform Candidate: OH, GIRLS! HERE'S A STUPID TELEGRAM SAYING THAT HORRID O'BRIEN WOMAN IS ELECTED. I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I DON'T SEE HOW SHE CAN BE, BECAUSE EVER AND EVER SO MANY OF THE GIRLS SAID THEY WERE GOING TO VOTE FOR ME, AND SHE—THINK OF FOUR YEARS MORE OF THAT ONE HAT OF HERS!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. JUNE 16, 1910 No. 1442

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



IS it a political boss who is coming home this week, or a political umpire?

We need in this country a great character, fit to be the formidable counsellor of independent voters. He needs to be a wise man, a man of national influence, a man of definite ideas; not a self-seeker, not himself an active contestant for political honors, not in spirit a political partisan, but a seeker after duty, a harmonizer of conflicts between true men, an advocate of necessary measures and a supporter of honest government.

Is this an office that Colonel Roosevelt will aspire to undertake?

It is as great an office as is open to an American, one that calls for pure aspirations, ripe experience, sure instincts and the hardest self-restraint and resolution. It is an office that can only exist when and because there is a man to fill it. It may be that the Colonel is such a man. He, and no one else, has the requisite prestige. He has the necessary experience and, in our opinion, the indispensable instincts. The purity of his aspirations and the insurmountableness of his self-restraint are of course debatable, and always will be, but in that debate, for our part, we would choose the affirmative side.

We by no means suggest Colonel Roosevelt for the office of National Judge. We have one already. A political umpire is something altogether different. A judge sits apart from the strifes of mankind, impartial, passionless, secure. Such a part would never fit the Colonel. But an umpire—how different! Mask on his visage and

pad a-down his person, in the game every minute, back of the catcher, back of the pitcher, skipping about in the infield, watching every play, calling balls, strikes, fouls, the centre of every dispute, calling men out when they ought to be out—a thing the Judge somehow can't do—hooted by the crowd, cheered by the crowd, mobbed by the crowd, and escorted off the grounds by the police.

Surely that is not a canned life. To be in the game for the game's sake, but out of the score, is not that a prospect that would appeal to the sporting blood of our Colonel?



AND how the players need him!

A letter from Colonel Roosevelt to Representative Fish asking for a conference in New York on the day of his arrival! All the insurgents rejoice, and declare (the papers say) "that this could mean but one thing—the aid and support of Mr. Roosevelt to the insurgent cause." But the regulars have also heard from the returning traveler, and have been asked to meet him. "In fact," said one of them, "I believe there will be surprises in store for both sides on the day when Colonel Roosevelt lands." Mr. Root saw him in London. "I had a most interesting talk with him, arranged for by wireless. It lasted two hours. It was—of a zoological nature." Mr. Root is not an insurgent, but his views of a game that he had watched and that had been checked by disputes would be of unquestionable value to an expected umpire. Does it not look as if the Colonel had been preparing himself to umpire something? Wasn't it just to get his hand in that three weeks ago, in London, he volunteered a decision on the point of England's duty in Egypt?

Though the Colonel may in spirit have graduated from partisanship he still has a party, and it is natural that his first essays in domestic umpiring should be in contests between rival teams in his own league. We can hardly think of him for the present as becoming directly serviceable to the Democrats in the solution of their

perplexities. But indirectly he may be useful to them, too. There are a great many Democrats who think they like what they think he stands for, and who use him as a standard in measuring the relative capacities of persons whose qualifications for party leadership they wish to ascertain. They would like nothing better than to find a duplicate of the Colonel and run him for President, and they will be slow to warm to any man who sees no good in their pattern candidate. When Governor Marshall, of Indiana, expressed the other day his confident belief that Mr. Roosevelt had put Mr. Taft in the White House because he knew he was constitutionally unfit for a place which he wished to fill again himself, the Governor simply put himself on record as a man who does not know enough about men to be seriously thought of for President. When Mr. Osborne, of New York, spoke of a man who "has carried the natural barbarism of boyhood into a restless and flamboyant middle age," the question that he invited was: "Is that all he can see in Roosevelt?" This is a free country, and every man is at liberty to curse out the umpire, but those who do it invite a careful inspection of their own judgment.



WE look for some very useful public services from Colonel Roosevelt, both foreign and domestic. His own party needs desperately a politician bold enough and strong enough to settle its disputes and tell it what it ought to want and how to get it. Before the country there are questions concerning railroad management, the tariff, conservation, the currency system and the conduct of business that are novel and extremely important, and to the settlement of which his efforts may effectually contribute. Before the world there is the great problem of the world's peace. We welcome him to the new job of political umpire. What scraps, what hoots, what cheers, what close decisions, bad and good, and what incessant misrepresentations await him! Happy man to have so lively a job in view, and a spirit so game to tackle it!



THE ITINERANT PREACHER



AT LIFE'S FARM
LEADING THE JOYFUL LIFE

"Life's" Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,378.08
Carrie A. Towle.....	5.31
M. D. C.....	5.00
In Memory of W. J. and N. N. J.....	10.00
In Memory of Janet Wilson.....	10.00
Joseph H. Barnes.....	20.00
G. H.....	5.50
"From a Friend".....	10.00
William H. Briggs.....	10.00

\$2,453.89

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

24 bottles "Perry Davis' Pain Killer" and 24 bottles "Allen's Lung Balsam," from the Davis & Lawrence Company.
One case Imperial Granum, from John Carle & Sons.
1,000 sample cans of Sanitol Tooth Powder, from the Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company.
5,000 Fresh Air Farm circulars, from the Williams Printing Company.
48 base balls, 6 bats and 16 baseball gloves, from A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Three dozen cans of Creta Cream Powdered Toilet Soap, from the Creta Creme Company.

Indicted!—Nonsense!

WE learn from the papers that Miss Sarah E. Peck, head of a department in Union College, in Nebraska, has been indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for refusing to tell her age to the census-taker.

Our sympathies are with Miss Peck. We don't think she should be obliged to tell her age. If the census-taker cannot guess it accurately enough for the purposes of the census, he should be empowered to summon offhand a jury of not less than three matrons and accept their verdict on the tale of Miss Peck's years. The census law should provide for such an alternative in such cases. The accuracy of the census

would not suffer from having the age of reluctant ladies like Miss Peck estimated by impartial observers.

Inspection of the teeth should be permitted in such cases, but only in so far as the subject consents. In no case should her mouth be pried open or her nose held.

Gosh!

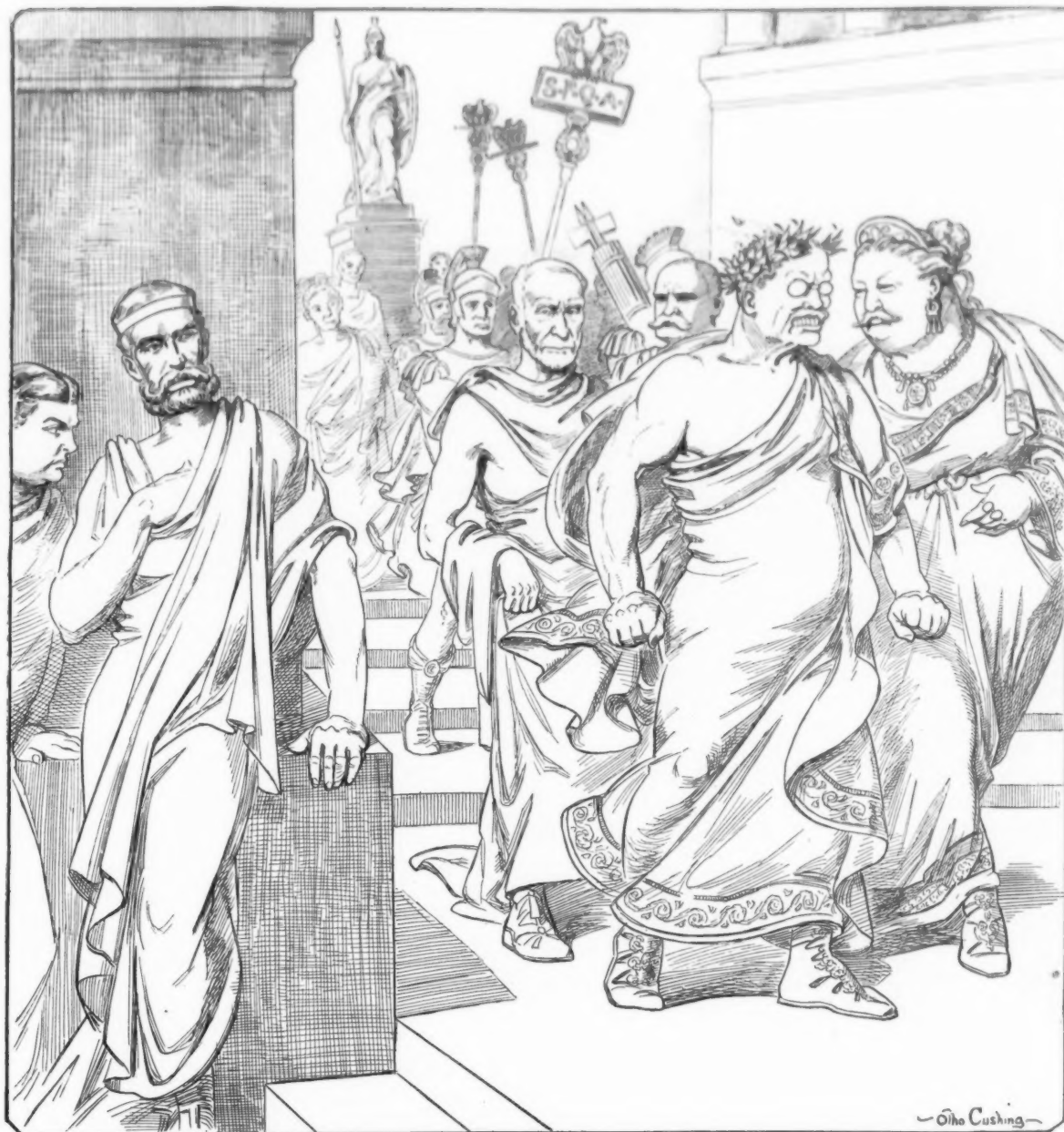
FOUR millions for Princeton from a Salem, Massachusetts, man, living almost within sight of the tower of Harvard's Memorial Hall!

The least that Princeton can do in return is offer sepulture in New Jersey for Mr. Wyman's bones. They will hardly rest easy in eastern Massachusetts.

And what a poultice for Princeton's sores!



GOOD GNUS FOR TAFT



JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT I.

(Re-enter Caesar and Train)

HUGHESIUS:

"The games are done, and Cæsar is returning:

But look, Timotheus,

The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow;
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Tantonia's cheek is pale; and Cannobio
Looks with such fiery and such ferret eyes
As have we seen him in the Capitol
Being crossed in conference by some Senator



WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM?

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Branches Everywhere, Including Paris, Constantinople and Philadelphia. No Connection With Any Other Establishment.

WE are reluctantly compelled to announce the suspension of our business. We hope it may be temporary, but we fear the worst. We have been struggling against heavy odds for some time—much longer than we personally desired—but we did it out of loyalty to a small body of faithful husbands who have still clung to us. To these old customers, many of them grown gray, and still suffering; many of them indeed incurable, but for whom we have been able to offer measures of temporary relief, we cannot say enough to show our friendship and our gratitude. We shudder when we think what will become of them without our help. God help them! They will have to do the best they can.

The principal cause of our retirement from business is due to our sympathetic nature. Wherever we saw a suffering husband we placed all the resources of this office immediately at his disposal, determined to alleviate his condition if possible. Neither did we require our patrons to pay in advance. The result is that we have several thousand unpaid accounts on our books, and against men who have been permanently cured, who are now holding up their heads, defying their wives and having a grand time. We bear them no malice. We are glad that they are happy. It has ever been the curse of true genius that it never could collect its bills, and has even had a hard time of it to get payments on account. We can only hope that our own creditors will have the same kindly feelings toward us that we have toward some of our own delinquents. This is a hard world, full of care. We ought not to make the burden too great for others to bear. We are here only for a short time and then we are gone. Our creditors will eventually share the same fate that we shall. Let them bear this in mind, and not think of us in an uncharitable manner.

The chairman of our Entertainment Committee wishes to announce that he will be glad to take out select parties of husbands day or night. He makes a specialty of the Tenderloin. The young and handsome blonde in charge of our type-writing department is open to an engagement. She has a vivacious disposition and a vast experience and we should like to see her well placed. She would make an admirable affinity.

Another cause which has hurt our business, we regret to say, has been the rise of the woman suffrage movement in this country. As we have already announced, we are neutral about woman suffrage. We have been immensely attracted toward some of our most prominent suffragists and believe that we could love them just as much as if they were young

and innocent. Although they have practically killed our business we feel kindly toward them.

The way in which woman suffrage has hurt our business is as follows: Every husband, no matter what his wife may be or how she treats him, is always ready to be cured. Nay, he is anxious, and will place himself in our hands at once; but if his wife is a suffragist he doesn't care whether he is treated or not. He knows there is no cure anyway, and he becomes immediately indifferent to his own fate. As yet we have been unable, in spite of our vast experience, to cure suffrageitis. The result of this is that many of our best customers abandoned us when their wives took the stump.

We shall continue to be called in consultation in a private capacity. Although we are not prosperous, any case that we can help will find as much sympathy and advice as we can give. The following letter is one among many:

DEAR SIR: I have received the news of your temporary (let us hope) retirement with great sadness. You are a hundred years ahead of the times. The next generation will be erecting monuments to you. In the meantime, let me assure you that thousands of cured husbands nourish in their hearts a great love and gratitude for what you have done for them. If there is anything we can do for you, except lend you money, please count on my wife and myself. Just at present we are a little short owing to the high prices. H— T—

We retire from the field full of pride and with the calm assurance that we have worked for our country's best interest. We are glad to announce, however, that our Paris



AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS"



OVERHEARD IN THE UGANDA DISTRICT

"GEE, BUT THEY HAVE GROWN SNOB-BISH SINCE THEY MOVED INTO THAT HISTORIC MANSION!"

branch, while badly damaged in the flood, will still continue to do business. Any of our former patrons who call there and wish to be shown the courtesies of the place will receive the same treatment as always. We make this announcement as a parting testimonial of our regard to the many wives of our customers, who seem to feel that they must rejoice over our downfall. We shall be glad to meet their husbands in Paris after next month (if we can secure passage) and offer them our services for any hour of the day and night.

Our life work is over. But there still remains the possibility of sweet revenge.

Adieu!
HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

A LITTLE absence now and then is relished by the best of husbands.

Question!

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
ASKS WOMEN TO
UNITE

(Special Correspondence
of the World)

London, May 18.

UNITE or untie? A lot of precedents in this case favor the latter reading. Has our neighbor the *World* made a typographical error?

This Glorious Fourth

GETTING READY

FATHER, get the arnica; mother, get the lint;
Susie, get the bottles and
The smelling salts and mint;
Alice, get the
Plasters;
Tommy, get the matches!
I will get the needle and
Material for
Patches!

This the day we celebrate; let the anvils ring!

Every one be merry while
The village children sing!

We are independent;

That's why we're hurrying!

Tom will cauterize the wounds
And I will do the
Spraying!

Float Old Glory to the mast! Let the colors wave

Over the inhabitants
Of all our country brave!

We know why we're
Yelling—

We know why we're shouting!

Don't shoot any crackers while
The orators are
Spouting!

Bust a leg, ye patriots! Paralyze an eye!
Blow yourselves to smithereens—
Don't be afraid to die!
Lockjaw's very
Painful;
Usually fatal—
But the sacrifice is sweet
In honor of our
Natal!

Henry Edward Warner.

Colonel Chantecler

GEORGES BOURDON has discovered and expounds it in *Figaro* that the sentiments about human life and duty disclosed by Roosevelt in his Sorbonne lecture are identical with the sentiments of M. Rostand's Chantecler. Chantecler, M. Bourdon says, is not French, he is universal, and he points to Roosevelt as the fulfilment, in a way, of the ideal that M. Rostand put in his play.

M. Bourdon estimates the Colonel by the sentiments in his Sorbonne lecture, a discourse which has been held to be platitudinous. No doubt it is. Whoever makes a general discourse about human conduct is bound to be either platitudinous or erratic. The facts are pretty well known. If the speaker states them he can only avoid platitude by graces of expression. If he misstates them he is more original and less sound. Sundry German professors turn out from time to time highly original ideas of life and folks, but they don't wash.



"WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS LEAD WITH A DIAMOND"

• LIFE •

The Return

Scene: The harbor of Manhattan. In the background the Ananias Club, before which stands a wistful, watchful, expectant Teddy Bear. Enter, hurriedly, Jacob A. Riis.

MR. RIIS (*recitative*):

DECLARE, declare, O Teddy Bear,
Ingratiating cub,
What makes this din of grief within
The Ananias Club?

No longer swings in Highland flings,
The painted Lyre Bird,
But crouches low before his foe,
The Shorter, Uglier Word.

And Mergers stark and Rebates dark,
Affrighted phantoms, flit;
While shrieking flies with rolling eyes
The Undesired Cit.

Their Tainted Wealth in trembling
stealth
Rich Malefactors hide;



"MERGERS STARK AND REBATES DARK"

And, by meh faith! is yon the wraith
Of pale Race Suicide?

The Muckful Rake and Nature Fake
Are wretched sights to see;
Declare, declare, thou Teddy Bear,
Why should these marvels be?

THE TEDDY BEAR:
He comes! with a cargo of glory!



"THEIR TAINTED WEALTH RICH MALEFACTORS HIDE"

He comes! with his head in a wreath.
What sunburst surpasses
The gleam of his glasses,
What comet the flash of his teeth!

Oh, *Scribner's* is full of his story;
The *Outlook* is 'way above par;
The Trusts have the blues
And shake in their shoes.
He's coming! He's coming!! T. R.!!!

*They fall into each other's arms and
gambol down to the landing to the strains
of "The Merry Widow" waltz.*

*Marching chorus of enthusiastic news-
paper paragraphers:*

Let the Brooklyn *Eagle* scream!
Raise the Nashville *Banner* high!
Paris *Beacon* redly gleam!
Wink with gladness *Needles Eye*!

Draw the bright Toledo *Blade*!
Flash the Memphis *Scimitar*!
Pittsburg *Sun* dispel the shade!
Twinkle Honolulu *Star*!

Sound the San Francisco *Call*!
Bronson *Bugle*, tell the tale!
Claffin *Clarion*, speak to all!
Elgin *Echo*, wake the vale!

Buzz, O busy Bison *Bee*!
Reading *Searchlight*, lend your ray!
Ludlow *Meteor*, dance with glee!
Wilsey *Warbler*, lift the lay!

Acton *Rooster*, grandly crow!
Cackle, cackle, Plymouth *Hen*!
Bid the Quincy *Herald* blow—
HE is coming home again!

*Chorus of Salted Hides, Boiled Bones
and Preserved Heads landed (duty free)*

*under chaperonage of Mr. William
Loeb:*

I was a Lion fell
Who died behind a bowlder.
I was a Grant's Gazelle—
HE shot me through the shoulder.
I was a Brindled Gnu.
I was a little Cony.
I was a Kangaroo.
I was a blithe Kongoni.
And I that trod
The stony sod
As a Banded Bandicoot,
Am a Nature Myth
Labeled "Smith-
sonian Institoot!"

(CHORUS)

Toot! toot!
Smithsonian Institoot!

Solo, by a Pensive Pr-s-d-nt:

Oh, let us be gay, and let us be gay,
As gay as ever can be!



"OH, LET US BE GAY"

But what will he say, and what will he say,

Oh, what will he say to me?
His Pinchot is out, no doubt;
His Party is rent asunder;
I've done what I could,
I've tried to be good,
But what will he say, I wonder!

Oh, let us be glad, and let us be glad,
As glad as ever may be!
But will he be sad, or will he be mad,
Oh, will he be mad at me?
The Tariff!—I shrink to think—
Oh, can it be called a blunder?
His Policies, too,
Are slightly askew.
Oh, what will he say, I wonder?

Chorus of Malefactors of Great Wealth, Predatory Interests, Injurious Combinations, Undesirable Citizens, etc., etc.:

He's a Frantic Desperado;
He's a Ravaging Tornado;
He's an Influence Satanic;
He's an Earthquake! He's a Panic!
He's a Socialistic Dreamer;
He's a Demagogic Schemer;
He's an Anarchistic Screamer!
Revolutional!
Unconstitutional!

Wish his skin had less of thickness!
Wish he'd caught the Sleeping Sickness!
Wish an Elephant had hit him!
Wish a Crocodile had bit him!

Having made this slight digression,
Let us join the Glad Procession.

A whaleboat, manned by a picked crew of Rough Rowers, approaches the landing. Jacob A. Riis and the Teddy Bear rush into the water and reappear bearing upon their shoulders Theodoros Africanus, armed to the teeth, laured to the eyebrows, and mounted on his favorite

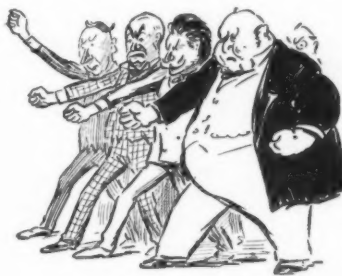


"DECLARE, DECLARE, O TEDDY BEAR"



"EVER PURSUED BY THE INEXORABLE LIMELIGHT"

hunting pony "Tranquillity." He sets foot upon the sacred soil of Manhattan and marches to the center of the stage, ever pursued by the inexorable limelight. Great jubilation. Triumphant tableau. Final grand chorus of Third Term



CHORUS OF MALEFACTORS

Boomers, Ultimate Consumers, Fathers of Thirteen Children and the Glad Populace, to the tune of "America":

We adore The-o-dore,
Who to his native shore
Comes from afar.
He'll give our woes relief,
Jail each audacious thief,
Cut down the price of beef—
Welcome home, T. R.!

Arthur Guiterman.

Wanted: New Styles in Pensions

THE country is now paying out \$155,000,000 a year for Civil War pensions. As fast as this sum diminishes by the death of pensioners fervent efforts are made to add to it by increasing the amount of pensions.

Two plunder pension schemes are now before Congress. One is to put all surviving Civil War officers on the retired list of the army, at a cost of from ten to thirty millions. The other is to give a pension of thirty dollars a month to every surviving Civil War soldier, at a cost of about forty millions. One bill covers both jobs.

These additional pensions are not due. A very large proportion of the pensions already voted are not due. If there must be more pensions Congress should find a new basis for them. The Civil War as a pension basis has been pitifully overworked for the last thirty years. Think of something new, good Congressmen. Pension all drinking men because of the danger they incur from their habits. Pension all mothers, pension school-teachers, ex-Presidents, trained nurses over fifty years old. If the money must be voted, show some originality about spending it. So far as pensions go the Civil War debt has been far overpaid, with great resulting damage to the self-respect of the Civil War veterans.

Bo-Peep Revised

TEDDY, come home and blow your horn,
The sheep's in meadow, the cow's in the corn.
The boy you left to 'tend the sheep
Is under the haystack fast asleep.

Sic Vos non Vobis

FOR the benefit of readers—there may be some—whose attention in youth was diverted to other things than the Latin poets, be it said that the four words that make the title above, stand for the assertion that there are folks in the world who work like blazes but get no due advantage out of it for themselves. There were such people in the time of Horace; there have been ever since and there are now; people of great talent and usefulness some of them, but lacking in the capacity to work for themselves. Such people often enough have notable powers of expression, but do not find in themselves what they want to express. Like as not they find it elsewhere. Psychologically they are mighty interesting; all the more so because their number makes them important. All the good copyists in all the arts are of that number.

For example: There was a girl who thought she could sing well enough to go on the stage and draw pay as a public entertainer. She went to a notable singing master and told him about it. Then she sang to him. He heard and said: "Oh, no! you haven't got the goods. It is quite useless for you to attempt what you propose." "Wait a minute," she said, "till I give you an imitation of



"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR BEST FRIENDS THERE IS OFTEN SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT DISPLEASE US"



TAKING SOMETHING COOLING

Melba." So she let out a tuck, and forgot about herself, and let go for all she was worth with Melba in her mind, and as much like her as she knew how. "Dear child!" said the singing master, "why, that's singing! Imitate some one else!" Which she did, and went on the boards as Cissie Loftus—so the tale is told—and was happy ever after.

We all have more or less of the goods that make great people. We are all Aeolian harps with possibilities of tunes in us if the right current of air blows through us. It is something back of brains and skill that makes effectiveness—something that backs up the spirit, something that is neither physical nor mental, but can use physique and mind like tools in its hand; something very close to inspiration.

That is the quality that makes the difference between principals and assistants, that makes great generals—Grant had it; that makes great Presidents—Washingtons, Jacksons, Lincolns. Pretty erring sort of people have it sometimes. It is a thing to be attained, that develops sometimes late in life. The possibilities of it are doubtless congenital, but it is life that develops it—the discipline of life, the shaping stress of crises, the strain of long responsibility—the prod of effort.

There may yet come a breeze out of somewhere singing through the strings of Judge Taft that will make him a great President.

E. S. M.

MAN'S inhumanity to man makes countless thousands do likewise.



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

ROBERT JOSEPH COLLIER

Born June 17, 1876



Mr. Collier is the proprietor of *Collier's Weekly*. He is the son of Peter Fenelon Collier. He is, indeed, the son of an able man and the owner of an able paper. He has youth and good fortune on his side and we see no reason why he should not succeed.

We congratulate you, sir, upon your ancestry and your advisers. If the entire country is not reformed in time under your administration we believe that it will be no fault of yours. In the meantime, we wish you many happy returns of the day.

CHARLES FROHMAN

Born June 17, 1860

It has been said that a theatrical manager is known by the companies he keeps. Surely, then, Mr. Frohman is entitled to a niche in the gallery of dramatic immortals. He began humbly as a ticket seller and went from thence through all the stages which lead up to proprietorship.

We know you, sir, to be a good fellow. You have avoided many temptations.

May your good judgment and your artistic sense continue to support you. Congratulations!



CHARLES FROHMAN.
ÆTAT 20

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Born June 18, 1877

Various attempts have been made by dry-as-dust journalists and amateur psychologists to chloroform Mr. Flagg's genius and to exhibit afterward in much the same manner as the butterfly naturalist makes his display. He has been termed a satirist, an æsthete, a cynic and a moralist. But so far no attempt to transfer his color scheme to type has been successful.

He received his education in New York, England, Paris and St. Louis. He has extraordinary humor, inimitable power at caricature and a delightful sense of color. As the treasurer of the Dutch Treat Club he has displayed a wonderful range in practical affairs. He has even been "roasted by the *New York Sun*," thus making his fame secure. As an interpreter in line drawing of universal human nature he is unequalled.

LIFE salutes you, Mr. Flagg, as one of its most valued friends.



SAM WALTER FOSS

Born June 19, 1858

We recall even now the old days of the *Yankee Blade*, when Mr. Foss's poems appeared with regularity, to the delight of the passing generation. He was the first American, we believe, who declared that it was possible to make a living from poetry. Of late years he has not been so prolific, much to our regret. Mr. Foss is a graduate of Brown University; he has been connected with the Somerville library since 1898 and among his volumes of humorous verse may be reckoned *Back County Poems*, *Whiffs from Wild Meadows* and *Dreams in Homespun*.

A worthy American humorous poet! Many anthologies attest thy merit and many readers even



now smile at the recollection of "And He Worried About It." Mr. Foss, we hope that your Pegasus, tethered to the front gate, is but waiting for his rider. And may you mount him again soon. We have need of you. In the meantime, we wish you well, and a long life.

HELEN MILLER GOULD

Born June 20, 1868

The law of compensation works even in families. Witness Miss Helen Gould, teeming with goodness and spending her energy and patrimony to alleviate the misfortunes of others. From the most miserable citizen to the government itself her charity has extended.



"Facile invenies et pejorem, et pejus moratam
Melio rem neque tu reperi, neque sol videt."

It is with a sense of peculiar gratification, therefore, that we have the honor, madam, to wish that your days may be long in the land. Others have given more bountifully but none more discriminatingly or gracefully than you have. We felicitate you upon your character and wish you many happy returns.

DANIEL CARTER BEARD

Born June 21, 1850

"Dan" Beard, as his friends call him, is so many different kinds of things that it is difficult to characterize him in a single breath. He was born in Cincinnati and laid the foundation of his love of nature and his extraordinary familiarity with its varying moods and tenses by becoming a surveyor and civil engineer. But the artist in him was too strong, and in 1878 he came to New York and took such an active interest in the Art Students' League that he rose to be its vice-president. Then Mr. Beard started his only and original animal class in drawing at the Woman's School of Applied Design—said to be the first one of its kind in this or any other country. It is perhaps due to the impetus of this school that we now have in this country so many animal artists, and that their work is preeminent. Not the least of these artists is Mr. Beard. His extraordinary animal creations have often interested and amused the readers of LIFE. Mr. Beard also likes boys, and has written many books showing them how to work outdoors and to do many interesting things. In short, he is a sort of illustrated edition of John Burroughs.

We are very fond of you, "Dan" Beard. You are a bully fellow. Here's good luck and a long life!



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Born June 22, 1846

Julian Hawthorne, as everybody knows, is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in Boston, studied at Harvard and abroad and has since then written no end of books. He was the winner of a ten thousand dollar prize offered by the *Herald* for a short story, and at present we would not dare state how many gold mines he has concealed about him.

We are pleased to account Mr. Hawthorne our friend. He has been with us in the days of doubt and in the days of prosperity, lending us his encouragement and cheering us on. We regard him as a brother and we hope that his days among us will be long and profitable. Good friend, salute!

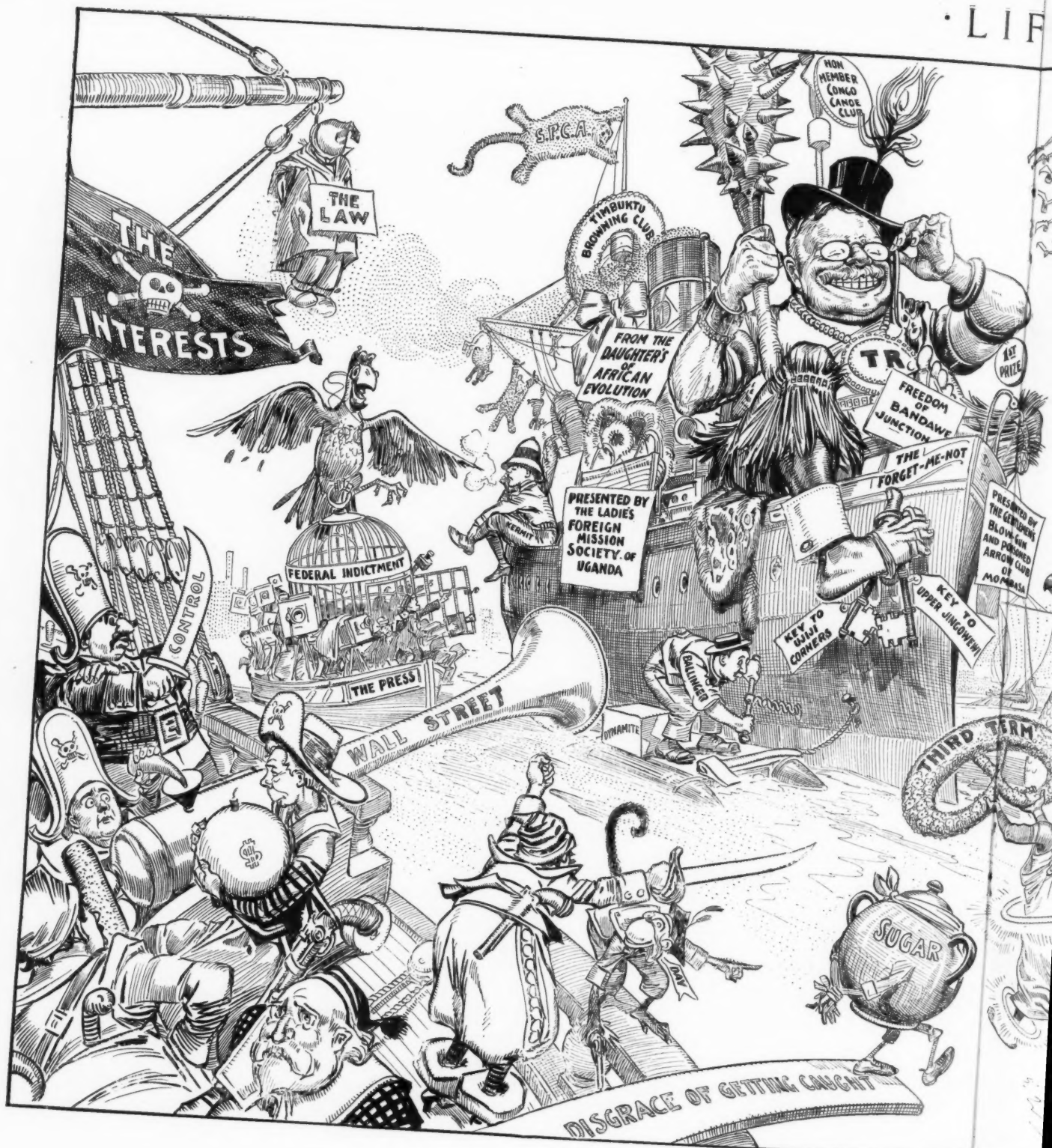


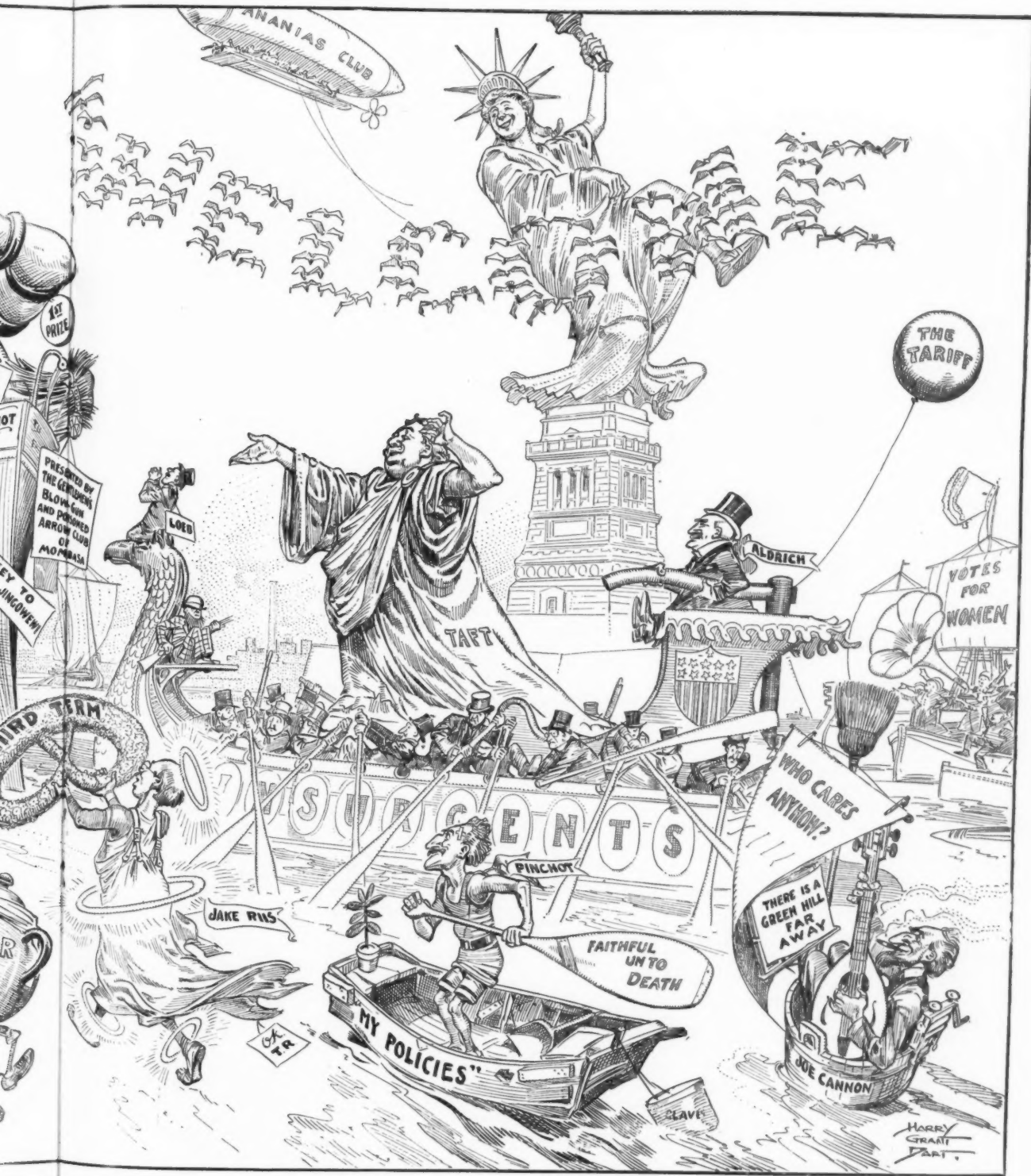
A Winner

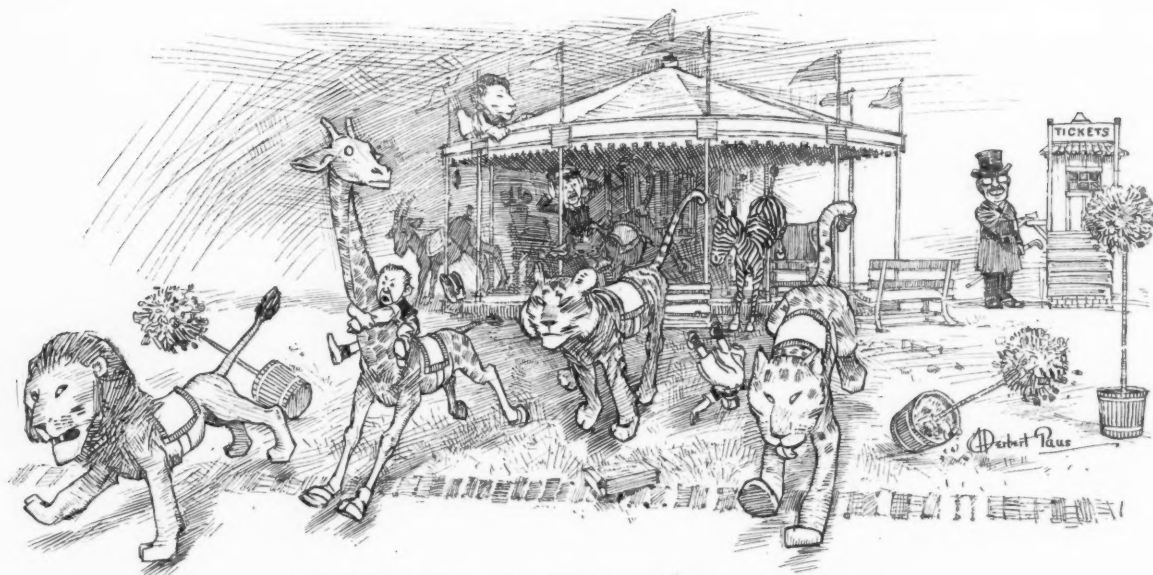
"YES. Inkem got up a summer novel that immediately became a best-seller."

"That so? Something new in the plot?"

"No. But when it came to the page where he described the looks of the heroine he had his publisher insert a mirror"







THE RETURN OF A CELEBRATED AFRICAN HUNTER
PRESUMABLE EFFECT ON A CONEY ISLAND MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Romaunt of Sir Teddidore

(A Fragment from an Old Palimpsest)

IT befell that when Sir Teddidore, the good knight, had reigned seven twelve-month and more in his realm of Amerique, which lieth betwixt the broad oceans, he grew a-weary of the toils and trials of governance. So called he to him his friend and brother-at-arms, Sir Billitaff, which was a portly knight and of merry countenance, and bade him rule in his stead, and let him be sworn that he would judge the people rightly, that he would slay dragons, giants, wizards and caitiffs; that he would rescue distressed damosels; that he would guard the land from evil and do all else that unto kingship rightly longeth.

Then did Sir Teddidore, and with him his son Kermit, the haut prince, fare oversea to the Land of Lyonesse, where they did meet with full many strange adventures, and did slay the Fillibuster, the Sagittary, the Jabberwock, the Gerriemander which knoweth not his ear from his elbow, the Roorback which diveth into his lair and pulleth the hole thereof in after him, and the Mollycoddle which flieth tail foremost and so keepeth the sand out of his eyes.

Here leave we awhile speaking of Sir Teddidore and speak we of Sir Billitaff that reigned in Amerique and was of merry countenance. Yet eftsoons did his countenance become less merry, for many said that he did not wholly well, but consorted overmuch with evil counsellors. And of these counsellors one was hight Sir Jokannon de Panatella, an eldern knight, yet of ungodly speech; and one was Sir Ball Ingere which held the Stewardship of the Wild Lands; and yet another was Sir Ald the Rich, that dwelt in a hugeous castle which was called Tariffe-Gard. And in the donjon-keep of this castle was bred a little worm; and this worm was nourished until it grew into a mighty dragon which men did call Costo-Fliving. And this dragon, Costo-Fliving, would issue forth and would waste the substance of the people; yet was

no knight so hardy as to slay this dragon, for that he was harbored by that strong knight, Sir Ald the Rich.

Now to westward dwelt a fair knight whom men called Sir Gifford of the Forest Green. And this knight dreamed a dream. And to him appeared in his vision the blessed Saint Conservayshon, and showed him how in the Land of Al-Ascar, which lieth in Heathenesse, dwelt the wight Wizard Guggen-Morgan, the which was a foul enchanter; and how this Wizard had sent Sir Ball Ingere to lay a spell upon Sir Billitaff that he might be misled by evil counsel.

Full wroth was Sir Gifford and straightway rode he a great wallop till he came before Sir Billitaff; and then and there did he impeach Sir Ball Ingere of high treason. Then was decreed a great tournament betwixt Sir Gifford and his



BASEBALL TERM
A SQUEEZE PLAY



"I WAS ENJOYING SUCH A NICE, LONG SLEEP"

party and Sir Ball Ingere and his party. Now was Sir Gifford heavy at heart, for well did he wot that Sir Ball Ingere was a shrewd knight; so did he take ship oversea to seek Sir Teddodore.

Now turn we again to Sir Teddodore which was come out of the Land of Lyonesse. And first went he to the Country of the Pharaohs, where he did make much stir. Thence pilgrimed he to Roma-Burg, where, in sooth, they did give him the merry del val, as that blithe knight Sir Martin d'Ooley writ in his book aforetime. Yet was he welcomed with great worship by the kings and great lords of Italia and Allemaigne and Gallia and Britaine, for, wot ye well, he was held for the best knight in all the world.

And as he sat at meat with all these kings, and eke

others, more or less royal, to him hasted Sir Gifford of the Forest Green, crying, "Tidings, good my Lord!" Then said Sir Teddodore, "Greeting, Sir Gifford. What tidings from my realm of Amerique?" Then, "Evil tidings," answered him Sir Gifford, and told him all that had chanced. "Hah!" said Sir Teddodore, and spake no word more, but straightway armed him and took ship again to Amerique.

Now the first city in the Land of Amerique as one comes up from the Eastern Sea is the Turbulent Town of Gotham, where men do rush hither and thither at great speed and for no boot whatsoever. Here landed Sir Teddodore, whereat they of Gotham rejoiced exceedingly and slew for him the fatted Beef Trust and made great feast. And now Sir Teddodore called unto him . . . [Desunt cetera].

BOOKS

ARE you a relaxable reader? Are you, that is to say, able—and willing—given the opportunity and a sufficient inducement, to take it easy with a book? If not, eschew *Nathan Burke* (Macmillan, \$1.50), by Mary S. Watts. This leisurely and companionable excursion into the past with Nat Burke, of Columbus, Ohio, and Captain Burke, of the Mexican War volunteers, as his own biographer and our cicerone, is not for those to whom an hour is an asset and a novel a short cut to a dénouement. One imagines that its author, having in *The Tenants* given form, color and the vitality of a fictional incarnation to her own social recollections of central Ohio in the '80s, has been led to carry the work of imaginative reconstruction back for the space of two generations on the same ground, and has chosen the salient figure of some old stager of her childish recollections as her spokesman. If it is necessary to tag the result it must be ticketed as a historical romance. But it is much better described as the recollections of a plain American gentleman of the '40s. It is an informal and meandering narrative. It is a book to take up and lay down again and come back to. It is a story in which agreeably to forget, for a week, the strenuous, demonstrational, artistico-scientific modern fiction of empirical research into human nature. Incidentally (this being, however, the ultimate justification of the author's inspiration) it is a work in which one envisages the spirit of a past day and the social consciousness of a vanished generation.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL DREW (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50), as near as one can gather from the text and the editor's explanatory foreword, is a mosaic imitation autobiography composed of broken bits from an old diary of Drew's set in an arbitrary order of the editor's choosing and in a verbal cement of the editor's manufacture. At best, where the characters concerned and the events involved are of historical significance, this particular kind of tampering with original documents is suspect and therefore unsatisfying; but when, as in the present case, not only historical accuracy but questions of the degree and complexion of individual infamy rest upon the authenticity and even upon the authentic sequence of alleged self-revelations, it is inexcusable. Daniel Drew would be an interesting, albeit an interested witness in regard to the Fisk-Gould-Tweed-Erie transactions. Bouk White may be qualified by his investigations to give expert testimony in the same field.

The jury, however, has the right to know which of them is on the stand. Again, the race may occasionally produce so unshamed a coward, so shallow a hypocrite, so petty a traitor and so despicable a knave as the Drew of the present compilation. If so, his crude confessions and boastings might have psychologic worth, or a broad-minded and big-hearted artist's interpretation of his type have fictional value. But *The Book of Daniel Drew* is neither of these and serves the purpose of neither. If it is not consitutively a libel either on Daniel Drew or human nature, it is by explicit acknowledgment a how-come-you-so hybrid—neither fact, fiction nor good red lies.

AS a sort of sedative and bracer after the disturbing experience of watching a dead crook being put through the literary third degree in *The Book of Daniel Drew* one can recommend the book of George Cary Eggleston, *Recollections of a Varied Life* (Henry Holt, \$2.75). In addition to other and less usual attributes it has been written, edited, proofread and O. K'd by the reminiscer himself. And even this, under the circumstances, is a comfort. Then it has grace and directness of style, aptness of anecdote, clean-cut estimates of interesting people and an agreeable adumbration of the author's personality. Mr. Eggleston, who was born in 1839, brings to the writing of his memoirs that still active and not yet querulous interest in the present that gives critical perspective to recollections of the past, but he is by no means unhumanly proof against the sense of enchantment that distance lends to memory. His youth was spent in a then far-away and primitive Indiana and his young manhood in a then happy and patriarchal Virginia. He served out the War of the Rebellion in the Confederate army and has since been a well-known figure in the professional and social life of literary and journalistic New York. Of all of which the record makes pleasant reading.

J. B. Kerfoot.

CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

A Modern Chronicle, by Winston Churchill. The story of a social pilgrimage. An interesting study of contemporary American life with an ending made to order.

The Book of Daniel Drew, edited by Bouk White. See above.

The Diamond Master, by Jacques Futrelle. A high-pressure transaction in gems and mysteries.

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Nathan Burke, by Mary S. Watts. See above.



GLOWING ACCOUNTS



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Old Harbor, by William John Hopkins. One of the best love stories of the year.

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Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston. See above.

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The Thief of Virtue, by Eden Phillpotts. An interesting "book of the play" from the human comedy among the yeomen and yokels of Dartmoor.

Summer Styles in Girls

GIRLS this year will run largely to loud colors. They will be seen everywhere, as usual. The quiet effects will, however, be used to some extent, and are always more serviceable.

The summer-resort styles will be very much worn, and there are several popular varieties already on the market. Mountain girls, as usual, will come high.

European varieties are in great demand on account of the surplus cash that usually goes with them.

Large, handsome blondes lead in interest and activity. Of these there is the peach blonde, the svelte blonde, the hippy-hippy blonde and the languid blonde.

Several brunettes with flashing eyes have made a hit.

A prime favorite, much sought after, is a medium-sized mushroom chantecler variety, with a good disposition and a hatred of ice-cream soda.

Motor girls continue with immense activity. One should be careful in selection, however, until outward wraps are removed, as appearances are deceptive.

Domestic varieties are a drug on the market. It is thought that this style will go out entirely.



TAKING THE VEIL

With Modern Improvements



"PAPA, I should like to go to the seaside this summer," said Harold.

Harold's papa was a prominent professor of psychology, and one of the wisest and best men in all the country side. He was respected by all who knew him, not alone for his honorable character but for his great reasoning powers. He had also, coupled with his towering intellect, something that is still more rare, for he was intensely liberal and broad-minded in his views, and was able to sympathize with every phase of thought. Harold knew this, for he had often tested his father's

capacity for sympathy, and he knew that, no matter if his father did not agree with him, there would be an excellent reason for it which would certainly appear later. He awaited his father's decision therefore with equanimity.

"That is perfectly natural, my son," replied his father with a clever smile. "The nervous system—I put this in simple language in order that your immature mind may grasp my meaning—has been on the defensive all during the winter months. It has had to resist the cold, and now that the warm weather has come you experience an efferent and sub-conscious feeling of innate relaxation. You long for the wide ocean and the physical freedom which one gets from playing in the sand. I should be alarmed about you, Harold, if you didn't have such a feeling. It would argue an abnormal condition."

"Then I can go, papa?" asked Harold, who, being extremely young, was possessed of a perfectly natural youthful impatience, which of course his father, with his vast experience, understood instantly.

"Certainly, my boy; only it will not be done in quite the manner that you expect. What you term the seaside, for example, is only a series of sensations. Now we can produce these just as well at home as anywhere else."

Harold looked a little crestfallen, but he had great faith in his father and he knew that he was too young yet to understand everything.

"Can I go to the seaside here?" he asked dubiously.

"To be sure you can, and at much less expense than the actual journey. There is, I believe, a spare room in the stable."

"Yes."

"Well, we will order the necessary things."

Harold's father stepped to the telephone and directed that two barrels of genuine sea sand be delivered at once. Then he called up the carpenter and instructed him to make a box.

"In a day or so," he said, with a mysterious smile, "everything will be ready. Then you shall see if I am not right."

Three days went by. One afternoon Harold's father came home early from college. They proceeded at once to the stable.

"Here, my son, is a beautiful marine view. I bought it from a poor artist for only ten dollars. We will hang it up right over the sand box. This, as you gaze on it, will produce the right sensation, corresponding exactly to that you would

have if you were actually at the shore. See the crests of those magnificent waves? And see all those vessels on the horizon?"

"It is very nice," said Harold, who was really bright and was able to grasp a logical thought.

"Now, here I have an electric fan. We will attach it to the switch, and you can regulate the breeze to suit yourself and turn it any way you wish."

"But, papa," said Harold, "it doesn't supply sea air—not the air one gets at the seaside."

"There, my dear boy, is where you are in error. You must know that at the seaside the wind blows more than one-half the time direct from the land. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the very air which passes through this stable will move along over the country until it reaches the shore, and if you were there you might be breathing it just the same. You would imagine that it was ozone, but that would be only because of the other sensations—of sand, and water, and view. These we have all here, so you see it was erroneous to think as you did."

"I am sorry, papa. Will you forgive me?"

Certainly. You cannot, at your age, be expected to know everything."

"But, papa, how about the salt water?"

"Don't be alarmed. I have provided for that. Here is a watering trough. Here is a bag of genuine sea salt, in the crystals, as you see. You have but to unite these two elements and you have perfect sea water. You dip your feet in it, look at the picture and run your hands through the sand—and there you are."

"Wouldn't it be best, papa, for me to put on a bathing suit?"

"Ah, spoken like a true son of your father. Here! I have provided you with one."

Harold put on the suit, they turned on the fan and for some moments their enjoyment was so intense that neither spoke.

"Papa," said Harold at last, "I think I should like to sail a boat."

"Certainly." Another package was opened and a beautiful little boat was disclosed.

"Now, Harold," said his papa, "I want to call your attention to one thing in order that your happiness may be complete. Follow me closely, as your future as an eminent psychologist will depend upon it. Observe that in comparison with the ocean this water is small in extent. But that is only an illusion. You may have heard me say that the paleontologist can from one small bone construct the entire body of any animal. We first need only to establish a principle. This water is salt, like the ocean, made with real sea salt. It can hold up your boat. If it were a million times bigger it could do no more than this. Therefore it is capable of conveying the necessary stimulus to your mind—all due, you understand, to the power of suggestion."

"I should like to lie down in the sun and get tanned."

"Nothing easier. We will move the box over under that window through which the sun shines. There! Now lie down and bury yourself."

"I ought to bring up water, papa. But it is dry and woody at bottom."

"Don't you perceive, my son, that the tide is low? It is only on a rising tide that you can get water?"

(Continued on page 1114)



The country's future is written in the faces of the young men. They are clean-shaven faces. In the store, the counting-room, the classroom, the office—in work and sport out of doors—the men who do things shave for the day just as they dress for the day.

The use of the Gillette Safety Razor is almost a universal habit with men of affairs. It is not solely a question of economy—though it means a great saving. It's a matter of comfort, of cleanliness, of time.

The Gillette is a builder of self-respect. The man who doesn't care how he looks does not care much about anything else.

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Own a Gillette—be master of your time—shave in three minutes. No stropping, no honing.

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Thirty thousand dealers sell the Gillette. If there is no one in your neighborhood send us \$5 and we'll send the razor and twelve double-edged blades by return mail.

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The Housewife and the Fly

"Don't come into my parlor," said the Housewife to the Fly;
 "There's a screen at every window, and your entrance I defy.
 There are microbes in your footsteps and a crust upon your head,
 Which, if not so microscopic, would fill our hearts with dread.
 "You carry germs of typhoid and spread consumption's bane,
 And our sanitary teachers paint your crimes in language plain.
 Don't come into my parlor; and for safety I would pray
 If you walked into my dining room upon some sunny day.

"There are seeds of vile distempers hidden in your tiny wings,
 And your many feet have traveled over nameless filthy things.
 You're a menace to our safety, you are powerful though small,
 And the mischief you accomplish would the bravest heart appall.
 "If you enter, I have poison all prepared for you to eat,
 And paper spread to tangle your germ-laden wings and feet.
 I will poison, trap or smash you if you do not leave my door;
 For our modern sanitation will endure your calls no more."

—A. F. Dyer, in *Good Housekeeping*.



A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

With Modern Improvements

(Continued from page 1112)

Harold was delighted.

"Oh, thank you so much, papa!" he exclaimed, "for giving me such a splendid time."

His father smiled affectionately.

"Don't thank me, Harold," he exclaimed devoutly, for he was a very earnest man, "thank the Giver of all good works, who has supplied us with earth and air and water and all these beautiful and inspiring things for us to recreate ourselves with; and be glad, my boy, that you are living in a world where all the improvements are so modern that psychology has at last made nature its servant. And at such slight expense."

"Then, papa, it doesn't cost as much as if we actually went to the seaside, does it?"

"Oh, no! Besides, it is permanent."

"How much do you save?"

"Well, this whole series of sensations cost about thirty dollars. Two weeks at the shore would cost, say, about one hundred."

"Then you have saved seventy dollars," said Har-

old, who was good at arithmetic.

"About that."

"And I have entered into it with you, papa, haven't I?"

"Wonderfully so! You are really a remarkable boy—a born reasoner."

"Then, don't you think, papa, you ought to divide with me, and give me half of what you have saved?"

"That is logical. Yes, I think I should. Here are thirty-five dollars. And now, my son, what will you do with so much money?"

Harold folded it up thoughtfully and placed it carefully in his pocket.

"Just to prove that you are right, papa," he said, "I shall use it to make a trip to Coney Island."

T. L. M.



BLACK FROM ELBA

The things that count in Vacuum Cleaning are Volume of Air and Evenness of Suction

This Oddly Shaped Fan

Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates an absolutely even, strong suction of more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.

Scientifically designed fans have wonderful power; for instance, our fans ventilate mines, raise wheat from ships, drive chopped corn stalks into silos, convey kindling wood, and exhaust dust and refuse from carpet cleaning plants and other dusty factories.

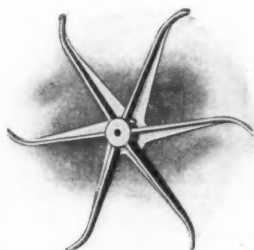
Sturtevant engineers have experimented three years to design the most efficient combination of fan, motor and dust collector for household vacuum cleaning, and this set is the result—it draws through an inch bore *nearly 100,000 cubic inches of air per minute*—a force that withdraws dust and dirt with a thoroughness that gives it a unique sanitary value.

Evenness: A vital advantage of fan-made suction over that of a pump cleaner is the continuous instead of an intermittent flow of air. This avoids jerking the threads of fine fabrics or leaving streaks when the cleaning tool is moving rapidly.

Durability: A revolving fan has little wear and tear and cannot leak, while a pump is wrenched and ground by every plunge and must soon lose efficiency on account of leakage. Sturtevant fans, installed over thirty years, in the hardest kind of service and still doing good work, testify to their durability.

Reliability: Our fans, driven by our electric motors, make possible the high speed of U. S. battleships, and they must be as trustworthy as engine or propeller. Our forced draft fans in battleships are no more carefully made than those in our vacuum cleaners.

Efficiency: This fan looks very simple, but every inch of it—in curvature, in weight of metal, in breadth and taper of blade—is the result of exhaustive tests. Fan suction is ideal for vacuum cleaning, and this is the first perfect application of that principle.



Details of Construction of the

Sturtevant VACUUM CLEANER

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, an unusually complete outfit of tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an electric light socket.

The motor is the same high grade as in all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

By using 1-inch hose (most cleaners use $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hose) greater volume and velocity of air are secured at the tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles and clean at greater distances from the tool than is possible with a smaller volume of air. The cleaner is on three rubber-tired wheels.

Very handsome, finished in aluminum, occupies less than two feet square. Weight 65 lbs.

There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. So simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of months and yet is easily emptied.

We make only one style of cleaner for household use, as our tests show that it is the smallest machine that is practical and durable, and we do not care to manufacture a cleaner that is a toy or which will go to pieces or fail to do satisfactory work.

Adaptability: The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner keeps rooms clean, to a degree that sweeping, dusting and scrubbing never can, and it does all this with practically no labor whatever; it meets the requirements of large or small homes and also gives perfect satisfaction in hotels, theatres and public institutions; in fact, it is the only small, compact machine which will run continually without getting out of order and do the same satisfactory work as the larger system machines. Can be used with any length of electric cord.

Guarantee: In judging vacuum cleaners, remember that this is made and absolutely guaranteed by the firm that for 50 years has designed and marketed more high-grade air-propelling fans than all other concerns in the world combined.

PRICE:
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Delivered anywhere
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Teddy unt Me unt Gott

(A Revision)

Der Kaiser of dis Vaterlandt
Unt Gott on high all dings commandt—
Eggsept, of course, you understandt
Dere's Teddy.

It used to be dot me unt Gott
Could run der vorltdt as vell as not,
But now of help ve get a lot
From Teddy.

Who told us two unt two makes four
Unt neffer either less or more
Unt all about our ancient lore?
Vy, Teddy.

Who sait to me, "I like you, Bill"?
Who helped me not to keep right still
Unt talk of animals to kill?
Dot Teddy.

Who told me vat mein army needs
Unt how vords doesn't count mit deeds?
Who valks unt talks der vile he reads?
Dot Teddy.



AN ALMOST PERFECT GENTLEMAN

Who told me dings I neffer knew?
Who told me vat I ought to do
Unt how to say "Dee-lighd!" too?
Dot Teddy.

Dare iss no bleak unt lonesome spot
Vich ve don't cheer—I tell you dot!—
Der vorltdt iss bossed by me unt Gott—
Unt Teddy.
—Jefferson Toombs, in *Harper's Weekly*.

HE: It's quite true that there are mi-
crobes in kisses.
SHE: Oh, the sweet little darlings.—
Illustrated Bits.

She Wanted the Credit

Freedom of the will is a doctrine
which children can understand and ap-
preciate. The little girl in this story was
not willing to have all her naughty in-
guinity ascribed to supernatural sources.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one
of her children, "who put it into your
head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Perhaps it was," replied the little
girl, "but kicking her shins was my own
idea."—*Youth's Companion*.

BETTER HALF: Sam'l, thou old vil-
lain, I do believe thou be drunk.

PRODIGAL (contentedly): Well, if I
be'unt, I ha' wayasted three boab!
—*Punch*.

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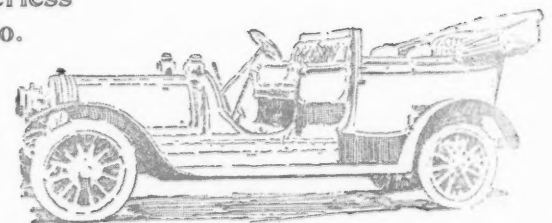
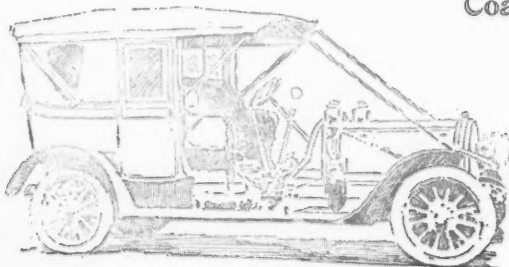
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"Emphatically Unique"
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Rhymed Reviews

The Wild Olive

(By the Author of *The Inner Shrine*,
Harper & Brothers)

When first this freakish Muse of mine
Essayed an inky world's correction,
The Author of *The Inner Shrine*
Purveyed that book for vivisection.

So now it's clearly up to me
To swear, as I'm a true New Yorker,
That this new tale which he (yes, he!)
Has writ is certainly a corker.

Although to us who know the truth
No verdict could have been absurder,
They sentenced Norrie Ford—poor
youth!—

To death for crusty-uncle-murder;

But Miriam, that wildwood queen,
Contrived to save the handsome
stranger,

And shipped him off to Argentine
To make his fortune, freed of danger.

He changed his name; he won his way,
And also Evie, little temptress,
Who proved to be the protégé
Of Miriam, his own redemptress.

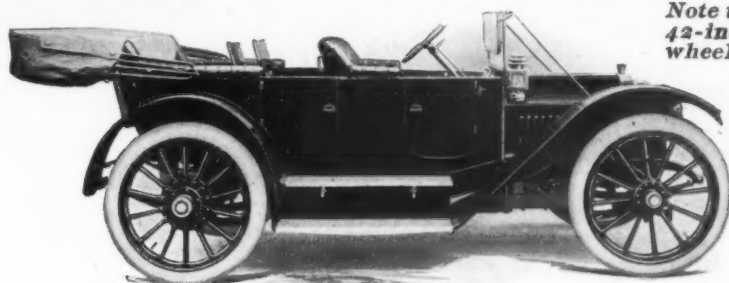
But coming North again, he saw
(When Miriam had told him
squarely)

That while at odds with Father Law
He couldn't marry Evie, fairly.

Forthwith, as outlawed Norrie Ford,
Unmasked he went to be arrested;
Sweet Evie chucked him overboard
Before his innocence was tested.

Now Lawyer Conquest long had sighed
For Miriam, who sighed a little
And pledged herself to be his bride
If he would manage Ford's acquittal.

(Continued on page 1119)



Note the
42-inch
wheels.

Ride With Us in a "Two-Years-Ahead" Owen

Write us and we will tell you
when the Owen 42-inch-
wheel car will be in your city

We want experienced motorists, as our guests,
to drive the Owen personally. No other adver-
tising is necessary.

We want them to try the left-hand steer with
right-hand control to see that it is really illogical
to steer a car from the right-hand side.

We want them to personally throttle the
Owen, with its 6-inch stroke motor, down to
two miles an hour "on the high" and speed up
again without touching a lever.

We want them to sit over the Owen's 42-inch
wheels and ride over stones and ruts that jolt
their own cars, but have hardly any effect on
the Owen.

We want them to experience a new motoring
sensation—of floating over smooth roads, of
gliding easily over rough roads, of a gentle, slow
speed, and the swift, swooping sensation of the
Owen high speed.

And this is a car of exceptional beauty and
style.

The enclosed front seat is a distinct advan-
tage—better looking—cleaner—more comfort-
able.

The Owen's drop frame and underhung rear
springs set the body closer to the ground than
even the bodies of 36-inch-wheel cars, giving a
lower center of gravity and reducing skidding
tendencies.

In two years' time leading makes will appear
with the left-hand steer, 42-inch wheels and
long stroke motor, for these improvements are
so vital that no high-grade car will be sold
without them.

Send your name, address and make of car
you are now driving and we'll be glad to arrange
a test when an Owen demonstrator arrives in
your section.

The price of the Owen is \$4,000, fully equipped
for touring. Send today for catalog and de-
scriptive literature.

Owen Motor Car Co., 1612 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Price \$4,000
Fully Equipped

including finest quality mohair
top with side curtains and top
slip cover, folding wind shield,
clock, speedometer, electric
horn, combination gas and elec-
tric head lights, combination oil
and electric side and tail lights,
Prest-O-Lite tank, foot accel-
erator, muffler cut-out, tire-
carrier irons, robe rail, baggage
rack, foot rest, gasoline and oil
gauges, tire chains, one extra
inner tube and a full set of tools.

The 1911
Owen
"Two Years Ahead"

Specifications

Wheel base	120 inches
Weight, complete	3,400 pounds
Seating capacity	Six persons
Cylinders	Four
Dimensions, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. bore, 6-in. stroke	
Diameter of wheels	42 inches
Frame	Deep channel section
	Double dropped
Springs	Front, semi-elliptic
	Rear, $\frac{3}{4}$ -elliptic
Gasoline capacity	23 gallons
Tires	Goodrich, Diamond, Fiske
	or Firestone—Q.-D. Rims
Colors	Royal blue or dark green

(14)

"Oh, Be Jolly"
If you'd drink the
better ale, better
drink
P. B.
P.B. ALE
At leading
Hotels, Restaurants
and Cafes.
A. G. VAN NOSTRAND
Bunker Hill Breweries, Boston, Mass.



Surbrug's ARCADIA Mixture

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you.
It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—*it* stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.
A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents for sample, which will convince.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Pace in New York

[A twenty-story edifice in Wall Street is being torn down to make room for one of forty stories.—*News Item.*]

We're on the road to progress;
There is no turning back.
In New York town
They're tearing down
A twenty-story shack.

This twenty-story shanty
Belongs to ages gone.
It has no place;
They need the space
To put a building on.
—*Washington Herald.*

Winning a Derby

MISS YANGKIE: And what has Lord Chichester done that you think him so interesting?

LORD DE FENDUS: He won a Derby, y' know.

MISS YANGKIE: How lovely! On an election bet?—*Cleveland Leader.*

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON WASHINGTON OTTAWA

58 BACK AGAIN
Quoth Teddy, "I feel bully and shooty
And my luggage contains some rich booty.
I'm back for more noise
And more 'Rad-Bridge' joys,
For the lions did not do their dooty."

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hem-stitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty." Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet of Bridge Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog. Address Dept. L, Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E.C.



EVER look at a line of private automobiles before one of the big Wall Street buildings about closing time?

Do it some time. You'll find that practically every car is equipped with Solarclipse, the two-ray light projector, and with Solar side and tail lamps.

They're the lamps of the man who will have only the best.

BADGER BRASS MFG. CO

Kenosha, Wis

New York, N. Y.



Fletcherizing Under Difficulties

"Bobby," said his mother, "sit up straight and don't tuck your napkin under your chin. I've told you hundreds of times—"

"There!" exploded Tommy; "you've made me lose the count! I don't know now whether it's two hundred and fifty-six or three hundred and fifty-six times I've chewed this clam!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

Sterling Blue Tubes give more service than any other. They

are the strongest tubes made, are never porous and do not oxidize and grow brittle when not in use. Combined with Sterling Tires they cut your tire troubles to a minimum. Dealers everywhere. Booklet and price list on request. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*



Respect
the dealer
who offers
you

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

He's looking at *your* side of
the smoking proposition.

15 cents and a quarter

At cigar stores, hotels, cafes,
and on the best dining cars,

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Rhymed Reviews

(Continued from page 1117)

He proved that Ford was clear of guilt,
But also proved what made him
sorry;
His jug was broke, the cream was
spilt,
For Miriam was fond of Norrie!

He gave her up and blessed them both,
And brought to happy termination
A splendid tale of moral growth,
True love and noble abnegation.

Arthur Guiterman.

Asked to Choose

A well-known Southern judge tells a
story about a white man who during re-
construction times was arraigned before
a colored justice of the peace for killing
a man and stealing his mule. It was in
Arkansas, near the Texas border and
there was some rivalry between the
States, but the colored justice tried al-
ways to preserve an impartial frame of
mind.

"We's got two kinds ob law in dis yer

Stevens-Duryea

At the selling points listed below, you can see the Stevens-Duryea
in all its latest models. Just examine and test—then compare.

Boston, Mass., The J. W. Bowman Co.,
911 Boylston Street
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29 West 42d Street
Chicago, Ill., Louis Geyler Co.,
1532 Michigan Avenue
San Francisco, Cal., Pacific Motor Car Co.,
376 Golden Gate Avenue
Albany, N. Y., C. S. Ransom
Amsterdam, N. Y., Karl Isburgh
Atlanta, Ga., C. H. Johnson
Baltimore, Md., Motor Car Co.
Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton Motor Car Co.
Birmingham, Ala., Drennen Co.
Bloomsburg, Penn., C. W. Funston
Brattleboro, Vt., E. D. Whitney
Bridgeport, Conn., Erwin M. Jennings Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., I. M. Allen Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Co-Operative Motor Car Co.
Burlington, N. C., James N. Williamson, Jr.
Butte, Mont., Silver Bow Automobile Co.
Cincinnati, O., Geo. C. Miller Sons Carriage Co.
Cleveland, O., Chisholm-Phillips Auto-
mobile Co.
Denver, Colo., Felker Automobile Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. P. Schneider
Eau Claire, Wis., Taylor & Prior
Fall River, Mass., J. E. Newton
Fort Worth, Texas, E. F. Simmons.
Grand Rapids, Mich., C. J. Bronson
Greenville, S. C., Eugene F. Bates
Hartford, Conn., Brown, Thomson & Co.
Holyoke, Mass., The Magna Auto Co.
Honolulu, T. H., Von Hamm-Young Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Nolan-Rieke Motor Car Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., Eastern Motor Car Co.
Lowell, Mass., George R. Dana
Marion, O., C. C. Stoltz
Mason City, Iowa, Hathorn Automobile Co.
Memphis, Tenn., Bruce-Cubbins Auto. Co.
Meriden, Conn., A. D. Meeks
Mexico City, Mex., Mohler & DeGress.
Milwaukee, Wis., Akin Motor Car Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., M. R. Waters & Sons.

Montgomery, Ala., Black & Hobbie
Montreal, Canada, Comet Motor Co., Ltd.
Muncie, Ind., Clark & Ganter
Nashua, N. H., Pollard Automobile Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Southern States Sales Co.
Newark, N. J., A. G. Spalding & Bros.
New Orleans, La., Oliver B. Brown
Oakland, Cal., Pacific Motor Car Co.
Omaha, Neb., R. R. Kimball
Paterson, N. J., The Auto Shop
Philadelphia, Penn., A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Pittsburg, Penn., Vestal Motor Car Co.
Pittsfield, Mass., Central Auto Station Co.
Plainfield, N. J., Laing Machine-Auto-Rep'r Co.
Portland, Me., Maine Motor Carriage Co.
Portland, Ore., Graham Motor Car Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., John Van Benschoten
Providence, R. I., Tufts-Justin Co.
Richmond, Va., Gordon Motor Co.
Rochester, N. Y., Mabbett-Bettys Motor Car Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Tom Botterill Auto Co.
San Antonio, Tex., A. E. Staacke Auto Co.
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St. Joseph, Mo., Wyeth Auto & Supply Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Halsey Automobile Co.
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Toledo, Ohio, Union Supply Co.
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Washington, D. C., Zell Motor Car Company
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Model "Y" 6-Cyl.
40 Horse Power

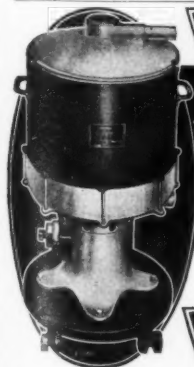
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a strong, even, never fluctuating inrush of air.

THE ONLY PERFECT—SILENT MACHINE

The only efficient air cleaning machine for the home at a moderate price.
Simple—one unit—no pump, no gears, no valves—lasts a lifetime.

May We Demonstrate for You?

Write for illustrated booklets. Address Dept. B.

ELECTRIC RENOVATOR MFG. CO.

2139 Farmers Bank Bldg.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

IT EATS
DIRT

co't," he said: "Texas law an' Arkansas
law. Which will you hab?"

The prisoner thought a minute and
then guessed he would take the Arkansas
law.

"Den I discharge you fo' stealin' de
mule an' hang you fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, Judge," said the
prisoner. "Better make that Texas
law."

"All right. Under de law of Texas,
I fin' you fo' killin' de man an' hang
you fo' stealin' de mule."—Lippincott's.

Hot Sun — Much Thirst

Now be careful.
Too much liquid
is bad—too little is
worse. Don't fill up on ice water—
anyway, the more you drink the more you
want.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

One glass satisfies. It has the wetness—a vim,
dash and sparkle that delights parched palates
and refreshes tired bodies and brains.

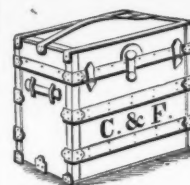
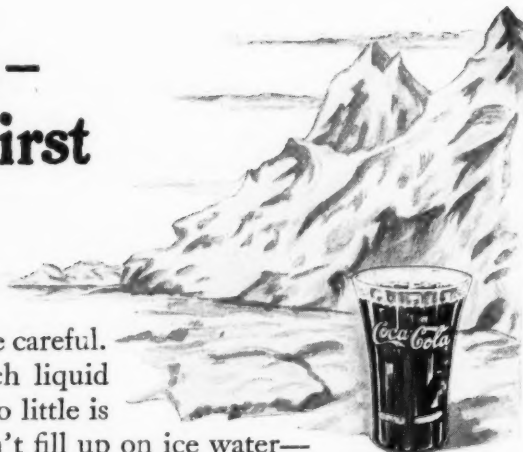
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you see an
Arrow think
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Above Cortlandt Below Forty-Second

Trunks, Bags and Cases

That Nice Little Bill

If the medicine men can establish the
"Doctors' Trust" their troubles will be
over. No more worry for them about
dwindling fees or rival schools. The
failing faith of a wiser public need cause
them no anxiety.

Mr. B. O. Flower, of Boston, president
of the league and editor of the *Twentieth
Century Magazine*, has a clear concep-
tion of the case. He says:

"A bureau manned by representatives
of a class that for half a century has
striven to destroy rival systems of cure
and schools of practice—a class that has
battled uninterruptedly to obtain a mo-
nopoly in the treatment of the sick by
denying the right of the citizen to the
practitioner of his choice—could under
the above provisions make arbitrary rul-
ings that, while they might greatly aug-
ment the revenue of the members of the
medical association, would abridge the
rightful freedom of millions of intelli-
gent citizens, whose belief and convic-
tions, based on personal experience, are
opposed to the dogmatic assumptions of
the regular doctors. The presence of
these dangerous provisions in this intro-
ductory bill clearly demonstrates the sin-
ister purpose of the monopoly seeking
class behind the measure.

"If this bureau is established it will
be dominated by the American Medical
Association. Do not lose sight of that
fact.

"The American Medical Association

(Continued on page 1121)

Among other little witticisms of the
Punchites which memory has set on
record is a conversation among them
on the subject of the payment of
income tax. With most of them there was
in the earliest days little income and less
tax, and strange were the stories told.
At least one, whose name had not been
preserved, quietly asserted that he hon-
estly filled in the declaration each year
and honorably paid the demand which
was regularly served upon him. The
company's surprise had increased to con-
temptuous incredulity when their Quix-
otic friend proceeded: "I don't think I
lose by it. I always take the average of
three years, according to the regulation;
so I take the present year and the two
future ones—and you fellows know what
a pessimist I am!"
K. L. R.



LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still
is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since
their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona,
Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the
Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country
to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-re-
nowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux"

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Batter & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.



That Nice Little Bill

(Continued from page 1120)

has been aggressively favoring monopoly legislation or restrictive laws that would deny to the intelligent citizen the practitioner of his choice, if that practitioner did not conform to the creeds, dogmas and regulations of the medical school seeking protection. Do not overlook this fact."

There are millions of highly intelligent citizens whose belief in regard to the healing of the body is diametrically opposed to that of the regular profession. Indeed, there are in our midst to-day great and rapidly growing schools or systems of thought that number among their adherents hundreds of thousands of individuals who have been restored to health and the enjoyment of life after they had signally failed to obtain relief under the regular medical treatment.

Latest Books

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The Gilded Chair, by Melville Davisson Post. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

The Depot Master, by Joseph C. Lincoln. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

Our Search for a Wilderness, by Mary B. Beebe and C. W. Beebe. (Henry Holt & Co. \$2.75.)

How to Study Birds, by Herbert K. Job. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

Camp Cookery, by Horace Kephart. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.00.)

Flower of Destiny, by Margaret Mordecai. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Arms and the Maid, by Raphael Sabatini. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

The Lost Art of Conversation, by Horatio S. Krans. (Sturgis & Walton Company. \$1.50.)

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Ganesh Preparations and Treatments

"I keep my looks, by taking care of them



with the aid of your valuable preparations." Such is the tenor of constant letters received daily by Mrs. Adair. They speak volumes for the extraordinary efficacy of Mrs. Adair's Ganesh Preparations and Treatments and the deservedly world-wide reputation they have attained thereby. Exclusive, original, without rival anywhere.

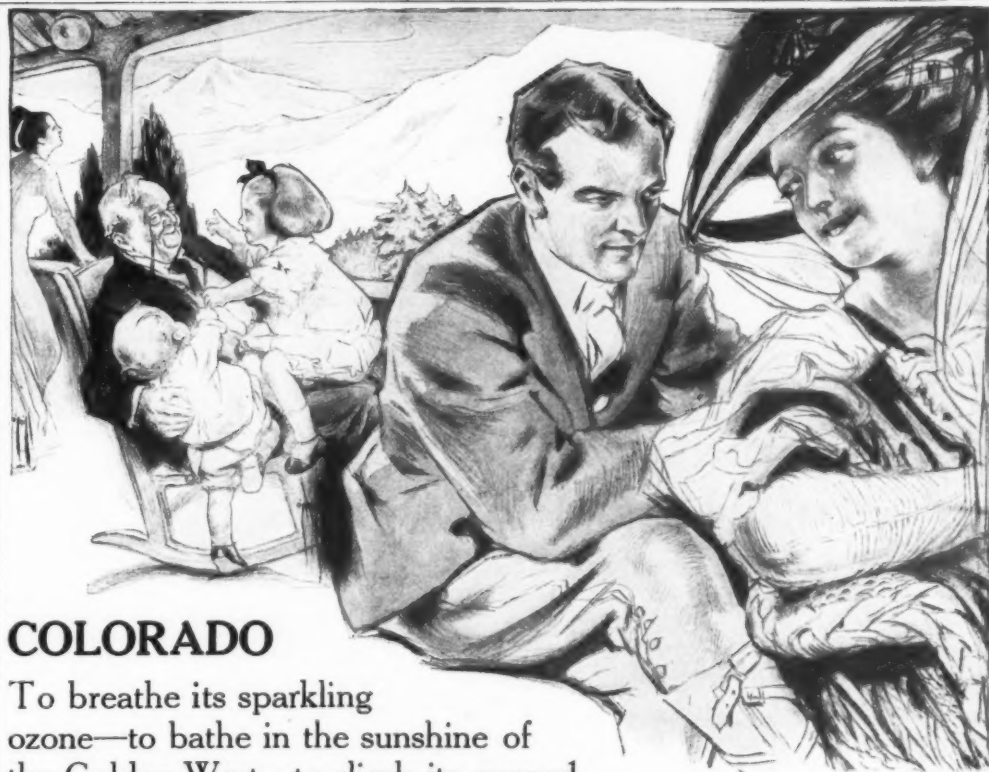
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Restores lost contours; Removes double chin

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whirls you away from your many cares into a land of emancipation. A little journey amid the luxuries of a drawing-room, a downy berth and dining service superb, is a foretaste of the fun to follow. Every comfort of a modern home, tempered with just a spice of club life and an ever changing panorama, make every minute of the trip a pleasure.

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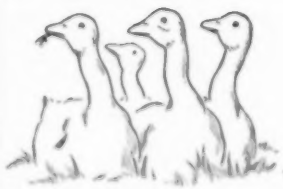
Other good trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

Why not Colorado and Yellowstone Park or California? We'll tell you how. Our free book, "Under the Turquoise Sky," profusely illustrated, contains a fund of information for the traveler. It is well worth reading. Free upon request.

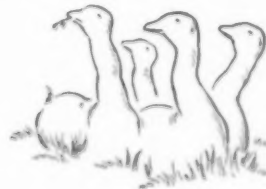
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dresses

if you spend your summer in

Colorado

—Out in the
Union
Pacific
Country

There is mountain climbing,
camping, hunting, fishing,
besides riding, driving, bathing,
and all other summer sports.

Low rates for summer trips to
Colorado, Yellowstone and
California.

Write for booklets.

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General Passenger Agent

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The Other Tartarin

Messieurs et mesdames, salut!
La Providence est bienfaisante:
Me voici. Il est superflu,
N'est ce pas, que je me présente!
L'univers entier sait mon nom
Depuis le fin fond du Mexique
Jusqu'aux abords du Parthénon.
Allons! En avant la musique!

Zim! Badaboum!
Badaboum! Badaboum!

Ne craignez rien, vils étrangers,
Vous comprendrez cette harangue,
Car, ainsi qu'en me jouant, j'ai
Jadis appris toutes les langues,
Le javanais, l'esperanto,
Et le français des Batignolles,
Et l'idiome des Hottentots
Comme des vaches espagnoles.
Zim, etc.

Tous les hommes sont idiots,
A part moi. La chose est certaine,

J'étais savant dès le maillot
Génial avant la trentaine.

40 Minutes from B'way

THE MONTCLAIR

"ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP"
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Aussi que Maurice Rostand
Je connais tout, mais a tout prendre
Je suis beaucoup plus épatant
Ayant tout su sans rien apprendre.
Zim, etc.

Il est vrai que j'ai voyagé,
Ca forme, dit-on, la jeunesse,
J'ai vu Pékin, Madrid, Alger,
J'ai vu l'Italie et la Grèce
Et l'empire des Pharaons,
Et le pôle antarctique et même
Le Théâtre de l'Odéon:
Ce fut mon point le plus extrême.
Zim, etc.

Plus fort que Nimrod et plus fort
Que Tartarin j'ai en Afrique
Chassé partout du sud au nord,
Mes triomphes sont historiques.
J'ai tué lions et zébus;
Hippopotames et girafes,
Pendant qu'ils me prenaient pour but,
J'ai même occis des photographes.
Zim, etc.

Emerveillé de tant d'exploits
L'univers tout entier m'acclame.
A mes pieds se traînent les rois,
Les peuples jaloux me réclament;
Parlant, discutant, salivant,
Je vais aux quatre coins du monde.
Je suis la rose . . . velt des vents
Qui tourne sans cesse a la ronde.
Zim, etc.

Je sais juger, blâmer, prévoir,
Et dis toujours ce que je pense.
Peut-être voulez vous savoir
Quel est mon avis sur la France?
La France? Ah, oui! la France—peuh!
Ah! parlez moi de l'Amérique!
Mais je suis tres pressé. Adieu!
Allons! En avant la musique!
Zim, etc. —Le Petit Journal.

FOR THE FRAGRANT JULEP OR THE FESTIVE HIGH-BALL

and for all purposes of cheer, comfort, health and hospitality

HUNTER WHISKEY

is best because it is an
Absolutely Pure Rye Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



WORLD TOUR — ORIENT

Also: Tour Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome)
and France, sailing November.
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very durable, convenient and artistic.

Special Outside Venetians for porches and
piazzas; exclude the sun; admit the breeze; equal to
an outdoor room. Mention *LIFE* for free pamphlet.

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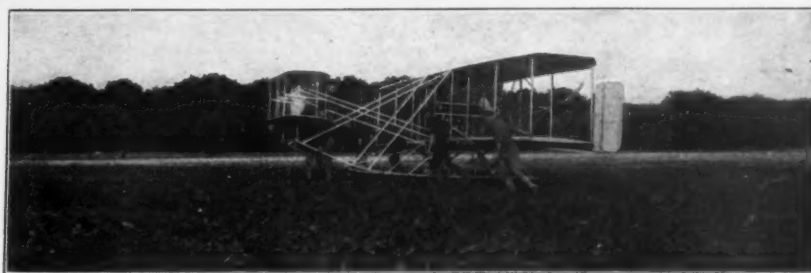
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Patentee and Manufacturer of Venetian Blinds, Rolling Partitions, Rolling
Steel Shutters, Burglar and Fireproof Steel Curtains, Wood Block Floors.

The Literary Zoo

The Veil Withdrawn

In these parlous times of publicity, when Notoriety with a noose lurks in every empty niche, and reticence is highly regarded only on the witness stand, the secrets of the editorial sanctum are no longer safe. Time was when the editor wrapped himself in a cloak of impenetrable mystery, veiling with jealous hand the esoteric processes through which even genius must pass if it expects to see itself in print. And genius, on the whole, was well content. What it lost in mere license of expression, in the fashioning of its individual fits and starts, it gained in the more intelligible and comprehensive delivery of its message. The writer (especially the writer of English) is too intent on his subject to see anything else; he hurls himself upon it headlong, looking neither to the right nor the left, quite unconscious of his audience, and forgetful that the Bible itself is understood alike by no two men. It is the editor—dispassionate, objective, with as many ocular facets as a fly—who must multiply his own personality and project it as best he can. This is his obvious, self-effacing function; and whether he shall sway the destinies of *Munsey's* or the *Revue*



(Photo, Paul Thompson) Wright machine being moved across the field at Fort Myer

Get this Booklet Before Buying a Speed-Indicator

It tells you a lot of interesting things about the uses of a speed-indicator to the motorist.

And it tells you a lot about the Warner Auto-Meter, and about the accuracy and reliability under all conditions which have won for the Warner Auto-Meter the proud title—"The Aristocrat of Speed-Indicators."

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[70]

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des Deux-Mondes depends partly upon Providence and partly upon some things into which it would be impertinent to inquire.

Genius still is, and must continue to be, subject to suggestion and revision at the hands of the competent editor—himself a genius whose Pegasus is bitted and bridle-wise. Formerly, as

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(Continued on page 1125)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1123)

everybody writes, or means to do so when the other chores are done. The schoolmaster—to say nothing of Mr. Roosevelt—is abroad. By a kind of spontaneous generation which must be very grateful to our foremost instructor the pulpy and potential woods are full of full-armed Minervas sprung from heaven knows whence. Even Mr. Bok's readers are beginning to learn that that thing on Pallas Athene's head is *not* a coal-scuttle. With learning comes luxury, as Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Roosevelt have well said. Up goes the cost of living and the price of blue pencils.

So literature—even magazine literature—has become democratic and universal. The editor, so far as he can, lets his subscribers assist him. Until May 14 we never realized that *Collier's Weekly* is a national institution not only because it is "right on the big questions of the day" (and week), but because its readers in every hamlet help its editor to think. Mr. Hapgood is modest enough to perceive this and bold and fearless enough to proclaim it over his signature. It is one thing to think locally, as Mayor

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Gaynor and so many New York newspaper editors think, and quite another thing to think as far as Seattle and away down to El Paso, as Mr. Bok and Mr. Hapgood and Mr. Munsey are constantly called upon to do. We haven't the slightest doubt that were it not for assistant thinkers in all parts of the country—some of them temporarily in Washington—Speaker Cannon would still be exercising his unbridled power instead of making furtive gestures with his gavel when Mr.

Kinkaid, or some other equally as Good, takes the floor.

Still, Mr. Hapgood is not the whole thing. *Collier's*, it appears, has a managing editor, too, and this gentleman has been taking the public into his confidence. It is a plan that accords with the new education to which we have alluded. To our notion it is fitting that the editor should emerge from his obscurity and get some of the credit heretofore attributed to his

(Continued on page 1126)



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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 1125)

writers and illustrators, whose spelling, punctuation and bad drawing he must and does amend. (We were about to add "loose thinking," but Mr. Hapgood has forestalled us.) We ourselves have so often been hauled over the coals for solecisms and slips of

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syntax, and plain ignorance, that the following remarks in *Collier's* for May 7 were not—to make an honest confession—wholly distasteful to us:

An illustrated weekly is a picture-paper. The probabilities are that the cover design was made months in advance and that the artist who made it was told just exactly how to treat his subject, even as to what colors he might use.

The illustrations to the fiction have been drawn after the editor, in almost every instance, has talked personally with the artist about the manuscript, pointing out exactly what scenes of the narrative will make the most attractive pictures. Experience has shown me that if I don't do this the artist, nine times out of ten, will illustrate the first paragraph; then for his other pictures he will carefully depict the climax—and thus give the story dead away.

And so there are others (illustrators, to be sure, yet painters perhaps at some future day) as careless and incompetent as even we can be in our off moments—men like Maxfield Parrish and Henry Reuter Dahl and Albert Sterner; women like Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green—all of whom have doubtless studied

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perspective and color schemes, and wouldn't purposely mix up the middle distance with the chiaroscuro, but who are nevertheless—

Well, feigning diffidence and concealing our secret elation, we timorously entered the atelier of an artist who sometimes does pot-boilers for *Collier's* when the picture-news permits. "Is it possible," we asked him, "that under an intelligent exterior you conceal such crass ignorance? Can the mask of art hide the grinning figure of a tinker's apprentice? Does the rainbow appear to you only as a three-color process? Do you, nine times out of ten, misconceive the point and the purpose of the *Collier* prize stories? Can you really find your way to the ferry without taking counsel in West Thirtieth Street? This managing editor—Mr.—er—er—Oh! you know his name—rather seems to intimate—"

"— x x ! ! — ! ! !"

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